1507/588

EPICOENE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

A

COMEDY,

First Acted in the Year 1609. By the King's Majesty's Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. J.

Ut sis tu similis Cœli, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulcî: Cur metuas me?
Horat.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Walthoe, G. Conyers, J. Knapton, R. Knaplock, D. Midwinter* and *A. Ward, A. Betesworth* and *C. Hitch, B. Lintot, J. Tonson, W. Innys, J. Osborn and T. Longman, R. Robinson, T. Wotton,* and *B. Motte:* And sold by *W. Feales,* at *Rowe's Head,* over-against *Clement's-Inn Gate.* 1732.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Moroſe, *a Gentleman that loves not Noiſe.*
Daup Eugene, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
Clerimont, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
True-wit, *another Friend.*
Epicœne, *A young Gentlewoman, ſuppos'd the Silent Woman.*
Joh. Daw, *A Knight, her Servant.*
Amorous La-Fool, *A Knight alſo.*
Thom. Ottor, *A Land and Sea-Captain.*
Cutberd, *a Barber.*
Mute, *One of* Moroſe *his Servants.*
Mad. Haughty, } *Ladies Collegiate.*
Mad. Centaure, }
Mad. Mavis, }
Mrs. Mavis, *the Lady* Haughties *Woman.*
Mrs. Otter, *the Captain's Wife.*
Pretenders.

PERSONS.
PAGES.
SERVANTS.

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The Principal COMOEDIANS were,

NAT. FIELD.
GIL. CARIE.
HUG. ATTAWEL.
JOHN SMITH.
WILL. BARKSTED.
WILL. PEN.
RICH. ALLIN.
JOH. BLANEY.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 62 AUG

EPI-

EPICOENE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

PROLOGUE.

TRuth ſays, of Old, the Art of making Plays,
Was to content the People; and their Praiſe
Was to the Poet Money, Wine, and Bays.
But in this Age, a Sect of Writers are,
That, only, for particular Likings care,
And will Taſte nothing that is Popular.
With ſuch we mingle neither Brains nor Breaſts;
Our Wiſhes, like to thoſe make Publick Feaſts,
Are not to pleaſe the Cooks Taſte, but the Gueſts.
Yet, if thoſe cunning Palates hither come
They ſhall find Gueſts Entreaty, and good Room;
And though all Reliſh not, ſure there will be ſome,
That, when they leave their Seats, ſhall make 'em ſay,
Who wrote that Piece, could ſo have wrote a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to preſent all Cuſtard, or all Tart,
And have no other Meats to bear a part,
Or want to Bread, and Salt, were but courſe Art.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 62

The Poet prays you then, with better Thought
To sit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,
Be fit for Ladies: Some for Lords, Knights, 'Squires;
Some for your Waiting-Wench, and City Wires;
Some for your Men, and Daughters of White-Friers.
Nor is it, only, while you keep your Seat
Here, that his Feast will last; but you shall eat
A Week at Ordinaries, on his broken Meat:
If his Muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER.

The Ends of all, who for the Scene do Write,
Are, or should be, to Profit and Delight.
And still't hath been the Praise of all best Times,
So Persons were not touch'd, to tax the Crimes.
Then, in this Play, which we present to Night,
And make the Object of your Ear and Sight,
On forfeit of your selves, think nothing True:
Lest so you make the Maker to judge you;
For he knows, Poet never Credit gain'd
By writing Truths, but Things (like Truths) well fain'd.
If any, yet will (with particular Slight
Of Application) wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a Libel, which he made a Play.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Clerimont, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect, I ga' you, Boy?
[*He comes out making himself ready.*

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You shall, Sir; but i' faith let no Body else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy.

Boy. It will get you the dangerous Name of a Poet in Town, Sir: beſides, me a perfect deal of Ill-will at the Manſion you wot of, whoſe Lady is the Argument of it, where now I am the welcomeſt Thing under a Man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a Man too, if the Truth were Rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confeſs before, Sir. The Gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the Bed; and carry me in to my Lady, and ſhe Kiſſes me with her Oil'd Face; and puts a Perruke o' my Head; and asks me an' I will wear her Gown? And I ſay, No: And then ſhe hits me a Blow o' the Ear, and calls me Innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel, if the Door be kept ſhut againſt your Maſter, when the Entrance is ſo eaſie to you—— well, Sir, you ſhall go there no more, leſt I be fain to ſeek your Voice in my Lady's Ruſhes, a Fortnight hence. Sing, Sir. [*Boy Sings.*

Tru. Why, here's the Man that can melt away his Time, and never feels it! What between his Miſtreſs Abroad, and his Engle at Home, high Fare, ſoft Lodging, fine Clothes, and his Fiddle; he thinks the Hours ha' no Wings, or the Day no Poſt-horſe. Well, Sir Gallant, were you ſtruck with the Plague this Minute, or condemn'd to any capital Puniſhment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every Particle o' your Time, eſteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why, what ſhould a Man do?

Tru. Why, Nothing: Or, that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next Horſe-Race, or Hunting-Match; Lay Wagers, Praiſe Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White-foot, Franklin; Swear upon Whitemains Party; ſpeak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; Viſit my Ladies at Night, and be able to give 'em the Character of every Bowler or Better o' the Green. Theſe be the Things, wherein your faſhionable Men Exerciſe themſelves, and I for Company.

Engle. A Gull, a put; a bubble. Hanmer. Shakespeare see Sam. Johnson's Dictionary. 1th. E. and now add Ben. Johnson, his namesake. 1767. W.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy Authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are Conſiderations, when we come to have grey Heads, and weak Hams, moiſt Eyes, and ſhrunk Members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll Pray and Faſt.

Tru. I, and deſtine only that time of Age to Goodneſs, which our want of Ability will not let us employ in Evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes; as if a Man ſhould Sleep all the Term, and think to effect his Buſineſs the laſt Day: O, *Clerimont*, this time, becauſe it is an incorporeal Thing, and not ſubject to Senſe, we mock our ſelves the fineſt out of it, with Vanity and Miſery indeed: Not ſeeking an end of Wretchedneſs, but only changing the Matter ſtill.

Cler. Nay, thou'l not leave no——

Tru. See but our common Diſeaſe! with what Juſtice can we complain, that great Men will not look upon us, nor be at leiſure to give our Affairs ſuch Diſpatch, as we expect, when we will never do it to our ſelves: Not Hear, nor Regard our ſelves.

Cler. Foh, thou haſt read *Plutarch*'s Morals, now, or ſome ſuch tedious Fellow; and it ſhows ſo vilely with thee: 'Fore God, 'twill ſpoil thy Wit utterly. Talk me of Pins, and Feathers, and Ladies, and Ruſhes, and ſuch Things: And leave this *Stoicitie* alone, 'till thou mak'ſt Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to looſe as little of my Kindneſs, as I can. I'll do Good to no Man againſt his Will, certainly. When were you at the College?

Cler. What College?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from Court Yeſterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the News? A new Foundation, Sir, here i' the Town, of Ladies, that call themſelves the Collegiates, an order betwеen Courtiers and Country-Madams, that live from their Husbands; and give Entertainment to all the Wits,

Wits, and Braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: Cry down, or up, what they like, or diſlike in a Brain or a Faſhion, with moſt *Maſculine*, or rather *Hermaphroditical* Authority; and every Day gain to their Colledge ſome new Probationer.

Cler. Who is the Preſident?

Tru. The grave and youthful Matron, the Lady *Haughty*.

Cler. A Pox of her autumnal Face, her piec'd Beauty: There's no Man can be admitted till ſhe be ready, now-a-days, till ſhe has Painted, and Perfum'd, and Waſht, and Scour'd, but the Boy here; and him ſhe wipes her Oil'd Lips upon, like a Sponge. I have made a Song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the Subject.

SONG.

Still to be Neat, ſtill to be Dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt;
Still to be Powder'd, ſtill Perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be Preſum'd,
Though Arts hid Cauſes are not found,
All is not Sweet, all is not Sound.

Give me a Look, give me a Face,
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes looſely Flowing, Hair as Free:
Such ſweet Neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' Adulteries of Art;
They ſtrike mine Eyes, but not my Heart.

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other ſide: I love a good Dreſſing before any Beauty o' the World. O, a Woman is then like a delicate Garden; nor is there one kind of it; ſhe may vary every hour; take often counſel of her Glaſs, and chuſe the beſt. If ſhe have good Ears, ſhow 'em; good Hair, lay it out; good Legs, wear ſhort Clothes: a good Hand, diſcover it often; practiſe any Art to mend Breath, cleanſe Teeth, repair Eye-brows, Paint, and Profeſs it.

Cler. How? Publickly?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: That muſt be private. Many things, that ſeem foul i' the doing, do pleaſe, done. A Lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudy her Face, when we think ſhe Sleeps; Nor when the Doors are ſhut, ſhould Men be inquiring; all is Sacred within, then. Is it for us to ſee their Perrukes put on, their falſe Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-brows, their Nails? you ſee Guilders will not work, but inclos'd. They muſt not diſcover, how little ſerves, with the help of Art, to Adorn a great deal. How long did the Canvas hang afore *Aldgate?* Were the People ſuffer'd to ſee the Cities Love and Charity, while they were rude Stone, before they were Painted and Burniſh'd? No: No more ſhould Servants approach their Miſtreſſes but when they are compleat, and finiſh'd.

Cler. Well ſaid, my *True-wit.*

Tru. And a wiſe Lady will keep a Guard always upon the Place, that ſhe may do things Securely. I once followed a rude Fellow into a Chamber where the poor Madam, for haſte, and troubled, ſnatch'd at her Perruke, to cover her Baldneſs: And put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O Prodigie!

Tru. And the unconſcionable Knave held her in Compliment an Hour with that reverſt Face, when I ſtill look'd when ſhe ſhould Talk from the t'other ſide.

Cler. Why? Thou ſhouldſt ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this Argument, if you pleaſe, and paſs to another. When ſaw you *Dauphine Eugene?*

Cler. Not theſe three Days. Shall we go to him this Morning? He is very Melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the Uncle? Is he? I met that ſtiff Piece of Formality, his Uncle, yeſterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-caps on his Head, buckled over his Ears.

Cler. O, that's his Cuſtom when he walks abroad. He can endure no Noiſe, Man.

Tru.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the Diſeaſe ſo ridiculous in him as it is made? They ſay he has been upon divers Treaties with the Fiſh-wives, and Orange-women; and Articles propounded between them: Marry, the Chimney-ſweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the Broom-men: They ſtand out ſtifly. He cannot endure a Coſtard-monger, he Swoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a Smith ſhould be ominous.

Cler. Or any Hammer-man. A Braſier is not ſuffer'd to dwell in the Pariſh, nor an Armorer. He would have hang'd a Pewterer's 'Prentice once on a *Shrove-Tueſdays* Riot, for being o' that Trade, when the reſt were quiet.

Tru. A Trumpet would fright him terribly, or the Hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his Senſes. The Waights of the City have a Penſion of him not to come near that Ward. This Youth practis'd on him one Night like the Bellman; and never left till he had brought him down to the Door, with a long Sword: And there left him flouriſhing with the Air.

Boy. Why, Sir? He hath choſen a Street to lie in, ſo narrow at both ends, that it will receive no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of theſe common Noiſes: And therefore, we that love him, deviſe to bring him ſuch as we may, now and then, for his exerciſe, to Breathe him. He would grow Reſty elſe in his Eaſe: His Vertue would Ruſt without Action. I intreated a Bareward, one Day to come down with the Dogs of ſome four Pariſhes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his Games under Maſter *Moroſe*'s Window: Till he was ſent crying away, with his Head made a moſt bleeding Spectacle to the Multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, going to his Prize, had his Drum moſt Tragically run through, for taking that Street in his way, at my requeſt.

Tru. A good Wag. How does for he the Bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of Town every *Saturday* at ten a Clock, or on

Holy-day Eves. But now, by reaſon of the ſickneſs, the perpetuity of ringing has made him deviſe a Room, with double Walls, and treble Cielings; the Windows cloſe ſhut and chalk'd: and there he lives by Candlelight. He turn'd away a Man, laſt Week, for having a Pair of new Shooes that creak'd. And this Fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court Socks, or Slippers ſoald with Wool: and they talk to each other in a Trunk. See, who comes here.

SCENE II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

Dau. How now! what ail you Sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into Stone, almoſt, I am here, with Tales o'thine Uncle! There was never ſuch a Prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once loſe this Subject, my Maſters, for my ſake. They are ſuch as you are, that have brought me into that Predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will diſinherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my Company are Authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Mon'ments are told of him.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the Author of more to vex him; that Purpoſe deſerves it: it gives the Law of plagueing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a falſe Almanack, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on a Coronotion Day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noiſe of the Ordnance. Diſinherit thee! he cannot, Man. Art not thou next of Blood, and his Siſter's Son?

Dau. I, but he will thruſt me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a portent! Can he endure no noiſe, and will venture on a Wife?

Cla. Yes, why, thou art a Stranger, it ſeems, to his beſt trick, yet. He has imploy'd a Fellow this half year, all over *England*, to hearken him out a dumb Woman

Woman; be ſhe of any Form, or any Quality, ſo ſhe be able to bear Children: her ſilence is Dowry enough, he ſays.

Tru. But I truſt to God he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next Street to him, who is exceedingly ſoft ſpoken, thrifty of her Speech; that ſpends but ſix Words a day. And her he's about now, and ſhall have her.

Tru. Is't poſſible! who is his Agent i' the buſineſs?

Cle. Marry a Barber; an honeſt Fellow, one that tells *Dauphine* all here.

Tru. Why you oppreſs me with wonder! A Woman, and a Barber, and love no noiſe!

Cle. Yes faith. The Fellow trims him ſilently, and has not the knack with his Sheers or his Fingers: and that Continency in a Barber he thinks ſo eminent a Vertue, as it has made him chief of his Counſel.

Tru. Is the Barber to be ſeen? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pr'y thee, *Dauphine*, let's go thither.

Dau. I have ſome Buſineſs now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You ſhall have no buſineſs ſhall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if ſhe will not, we can give out, at leaſt ſo much as ſhall interrupt the Treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in Conſcience, when he ſuſpects thee without cauſe, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no ſuffrage to't. He ſhall never have that Plea againſt me, that I oppos'd the leaſt Phant'ſie of his. Let it lye upon my Stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, Innocent: when ſome Groom of his has got him an Heir, or this Barber, if he himſelf cannot. Innocent. I pr'y thee, *Ned*, where lies ſhe? let him be innocent ſtill.

Cle. Why right over againſt the Barbers; in the Houſe where Sir *John Daw* lies.

Tru. You not mean to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know ſo much?

Cle.

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the Town! *Jack Daw*! And he teach her not to ſpeak, God b' w' you. I have ſome Buſineſs too.

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the Danger to meet *Daw*, for mine Ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good Terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping diſtance.

Cle. They ſay, he is a very good Scholar.

Tru. I, and he ſays it firſt. A pox on him, a Fellow that pretends only to Learning, buys Titles, and nothing elſe of Books in him.

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am ſorry, the World ſhould ſo conſpire to belye him.

Cle. Good Faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none ſo deſperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own. God b' w' you Gentleman.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

SCENE III.

Dauphine, Cleremont, Boy.

Dau. Come, you are a ſtrange open Man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it *Dauphine*, *True-wits* a very honeſt Fellow.

Dau. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for ſecrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are miſtaken, *Dauphine*: I know where he has been well truſted, and diſcharg'd the truſt very truly, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not; *Ned*, but, with the fewer a buſineſs is carried, it is ever the ſafer. Now we are alone, if

if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Laſt Night: and ſuch a *decameron* of ſport fallen out; *Boccace* never thought of the like, *Daw* does nothing but court her: and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praiſes her modeſty; deſires that ſhe would talk, and be free, and commends her ſilence in Verſes; which he reads, and ſwears, are the beſt that ever Man made. Then rails at his Fortunes, Stamps, and Mutines why he is not made a Counſellor, and call'd to Affairs of State.

Cle. I pr'y thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some Water, *Boy*.

Dau. We are invited to Dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir *La-Foole*.

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too; if ere he ſaw you but once, tho' you ſhould meet him at Church in the midſt of Prayers. He is one of the *Braveries*, tho' he be none o' the *Wits*. He will Salute a Judge upon the Bench, and a Biſhop in the Pulpit, a Lawyer when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when ſhe is dancing in a Maſque, and put her out. He does give Plays, and Suppers, and invites his Gueſts to 'em, aloud out of his Window, as they ride by in Coaches. He has a Lodging in the Strand for the Purpoſe: or to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China* Houſes, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em Preſents, ſome two or three hundred Pounds worth of Toys, to be laught at. He is never without a Spare-banquet, or Sweet-meats in his Chamber, their Women to alight at, and come up to for a Bait.

Dau. Excellent! He was a fine Youth laſt Night, but now he is much finer! what is his Chriſten Name? I ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-Foole*.

Boy. The Gentleman is here that owns that Name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to Dinner, I hold my Life.

Dau.

Dau. Like enough: pr'y thee let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marſhal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beſeech you. I'll make him tell us his Pedegree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinner; and who are his Gueſts; and, the whole courſe of his Fortunes with a breath.

SCENE IV.

La-Foole, Cleremont, Dauphine.

La-F. Save dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd Maſter *Clemont*.

Cle. Sir *Amorous*! you have very much honeſted my Lodging, with your Preſence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine Lodging! almoſt, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not ſo, Sir.

La-F. Excuſe me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I aſſure you. I am come, Maſter *Clerimont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever ſee me carry Diſhes?

La-F. No, Sir, diſpenſe with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulneſs o' your Phraſe, believe it, Sir, would breed you a Quarrel once an Hour, with the terrible Boys, if you ſhould keep 'em fellowſhip a day.

La-F. It ſhould be extreamly againſt my Will, Sir, if I conteſted with any Man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feaſt?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otters? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gameſter, but he has had command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-Woman, that the Courtiers viſited ſo often; that gave he rare Entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cle.

Cle. Then, ſhe is Captain *Otter.*

La-F. You ſay very well, Sir; ſhe is my Kinſwoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-ſide, and will invite, any great Ladies, for my ſake.

Daw. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Eſſex?*

La-F. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London.*

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our Houſe, the *La-Fooles* o' the North, the *La-Fooles* of the Weſt, the *La-Fooles* of the Eaſt and South —— we are as ancient a Family as any is in *Europe* —— but I my ſelf am deſcended lineally of the *French La-Fooles* —— and, we do bear our Coat yellow, or; *Or,* checker'd *Azure,* and *Gules,* and ſome three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, ſometimes, been ſolemnly worn by divers Nobility of our Houſe —— but let that go, antiquity is not reſpected now —— I had a Brace of fat Does ſent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheaſants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and ſome other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company —— there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty,* my Lady *Centaure,* Miſtris *Dol Mavis* —— and they come a' purpoſe, to ſee the ſilent Gentlewoman, Miſtris *Epicœne,* that honeſt Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither —— and then, Miſtris *Truſty,* my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine,* with your ſelf Maſter *Clerimont* —— and we'll be very merry, and have Fiddlers, and dance —— I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have ſpent ſome Crowns ſince I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty,* and after, my Ladies Gentleman Uſher, who got me Knighted in *Ireland,* ſince it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye —— I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Iſland-Voyage, or at *Cadiz,* none diſprais'd, and I came over in it hither, ſhow'd my ſelf to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Countrey, and ſurvey'd my Lands, let new Leaſes, took their Money, ſpent it in the Eye o' the Land here,

here, upon Ladies —— and now I can take up at my pleaſure.

Dau. Can you take up Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your half, in that Commodity.

Cle. No, Sir, excuſe me: I meant Money, which can take up any thing. I have another Gueſt, or two, to invite, and ſay as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail— Your Servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La-Foole*; but ſhe ſhall, that your Ladies come to ſee: if I have credit, afore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you ever hear ſuch a Wind-ſucker, as this?

Dau. Or ſuch a Rook as the other! that will betray his Maſter to be ſeen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Moroſe, Mute.

Mor. CAN not I, yet, find out a more compendious Method, than by this Trunk, to ſave my Servants the labour of Speech, and mine Ears the diſcord of ſounds? Let me ſee: all Diſcourſes but my own afflict me, they ſeem harſh, impertinent, and irkſom. Is it not poſſible, that thou ſhouldſt anſwer me by Signs, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? ſpeak not tho' I queſtion you. You have taken the Ring off from the Street Door, as I bade you? anſwer me not by ſpeech, but by ſilence; unleſs it be otherwiſe (——) very good. And, you have faſtened on a thick Quilt, or Flock-bed, on the outſide of the Door; that if they knock with their Daggers, or with Brickbats, they can make no noiſe? but with your

At the breaches ſtill the Fellow makes Legs or Signs.

your Leg, you anſwer, unleſs it be otherwiſe (——) very good. This is not only fit modeſty in a Servant, but good ſtate and diſcretion in a Maſter. And you have been with *Cutberd* the Barber, to have him come to me? (——) good. And, he will come preſently? anſwer me not with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: if it be otherwiſe, ſhake your Head, or ſhrug. (——) So. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugal and comely Gravity. How long will it be ere *Cutberd* come? ſtay, if an hour hold up your whole Hand; if half an hour, two Fingers; if a quarter, one; (——) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a Key, to come in without knocking? (——) good. And, is the Lock oyl'd, and the Hinges to day? (——) good. And the quilting of the Stairs no where worn out and bare? (——) very good. I ſee, by much Doctrine, and Impulſion, it may be effected; ſtand by. The *Turk*, in this divine Diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; ſtill waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands ſo executed; yea, even in the War, (as I have heard) and in his marches, moſt of his Charges and Directions given by Signs, and with ſilence: an exquiſite Art! and I am heartily aſhamed, and angry oftentimes, that the Princes of *Chriſtendom*, ſhould ſuffer a Barbarian, to tranſcend 'em in ſo high a Point of Felicity. I will practiſe it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villain? what Prodigy of Mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his Throat, cut his Throat: what Murderer, Hell-hound, Divel can this be? [*One winds a Horn without again.*

Mut. It is a Poſt from the Court ——

Mor. Out Rogue, and muſt thou blow thy Horn, too?

Mut. Alas, it is a Poſt from the Court, Sir, that ſays, he muſt ſpeak you, pain of Death ——

Mor. Pain of thy Life, be ſilent.

SCENE

SCENE. II.

True-wit, Moroſe, Cutberd.

By your leave, Sir, I am a ſtranger here: Is your Name Maſter *Moroſe?* is your Name Maſter *Moroſe?* Fiſhes! *Pythagoreans* all? This is ſtrange. What ſay you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here with his Club, among you? well, Sir, I will believe you to be the Man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your Friends at Court Commend 'em to you, Sir ——

(*Mor.* O Men! O Manners! Was there ever ſuch an Impudence?)

Tru. And are extremely ſollicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whoſe Knave are you!

Tru. Mine own Knave, and your Compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword ——

Tru. You ſhall taſte the one half of my Dagger, if you do (Groom) and you the other, if you ſtir, Sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the King's Name, and hear me without Inſurrection. They ſay, you are to Marry? To Marry! Do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude Companion!

Tru. Marry, your Friends do wonder', Sir, the *Thames* being ſo near, wherein you may drown, ſo handſomly; or *London-Bridge*, at a low Fall, with a fine Leap to hurry you down the Stream; or ſuch a delicate Steeple in the Town, as *Bow*, to Vault from; or, a braver height, as *Pauls*; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a ſhorter-way, an excellent Garret-window into the Street; or, a Beam, in the ſaid Garret, with this Halter, which they have ſent, and deſire, that you would ſooner commit your Grave Head to this Knot, than to the Wedlock Nooſe, or, take a little Sublimate, and go out of the World, like a Rat; or, a Fly (as one ſaid) with a Straw i' your Arſe! Any way, rather than to follow this goblin *Matrimony*. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaſte Wife, in theſe

He ſhews him a Halter.

theſe times? Now? When there are ſo many Maſques, Plays, Puritan Parlees, mad Folks, and other ſtrange Sights to be ſeen, daily private and publick? if you had liv'd in King *Ethelred*'s time, Sir, or *Edward* the Confeſſor's, you might, perhaps, have found in ſome cold Country Hamlet, then, a dull froſty Wench, would have been contented with one Man: Now, they will as ſoon be pleas'd with one Leg, or one Eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monſtrous hazards you ſhall run with a Wife.

Mor. Good Sir! have I ever cozen'd any Friends of yours of their Land? bought their Poſſeſſions? taken forfeit of their Mortgage? beg'd a Reverſion from 'em? baſtarded their Iſſue? what have I done, that may deſerve this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your Itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an aſſaſſinate upon your Father? vitiated your Mother: raviſhed your Siſters ——

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be nam'd, to do that you do ——

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a Meſſenger: I but tell you, what you muſt hear. It ſeems, your Friends are careful after your Souls Health, Sir, and would have you know the Danger (but you may do your Pleaſure for all them; I perſuade not, Sir) if, after you are married, your Wife do run away with a Vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walks upon Ropes, or him that dances the Jig, or a Fencer, for his skill at his Weapon; why it is not their Fault, they have diſcharged their Conſciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, ſuffer valiantly, Sir, for I muſt tell you, all the Perils that you are obnoxious to. If ſhe be fair, young and vegetous, no Sweet-meats ever drew more Flies; all the yellow Doublets, and great Roſes i' the Town will be there. If foul and crooked, ſhe'll be

be with them, and buy thoſe Doublets and Roſes, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; ſhe'll raign in your Houſe, as imperious as a Widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your Tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; ſhe muſt have her Doctors, her Midwives, her Nurſes, her Lodgings every hour: though it be for the deareſt Morſel of Man. If learned, there was never ſuch a Parrat; all your Patrimony will be too little for the Gueſts that muſt be invited, to hear her ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*: and you muſt lye with her in thoſe Languages too, if you will pleaſe her. If preciſe, you muſt feaſt all the ſilenc'd Brethren, once in three days; ſalute the Siſters; entertain the whole Family, or Wood of 'em; and hear long winded Exerciſes, Singings and Catechiſings, which you are not given to, and yet muſt give for; to pleaſe the zealous Matron your Wife, who, for the holy Cauſe, will cozen you over and above. You begin to ſweat, Sir, But this is not half i' faith: you may do your pleaſure notwithſtanding, as I ſaid before, I come not to perſwade you. Upon my faith, Maſter Serving-man, if you do ſtir, I will beat you.

[*The Mute is ſtealing away.*

Mor. O, what is my Sin! what is my Sin?

Tru. Then, if you love your Wife, or rather dote on her, Sir: O, how ſhe'll torture you! and take pleaſure i' your Torments! You ſhall lye with her but when ſhe liſts; ſhe will not hurt her Beauty, her Complexion; or it muſt be for that Jewel, or that Pearl when ſhe does; every half hours Pleaſure muſt be bought anew, and with the ſame pain and charge you woo'd her at firſt. Then you muſt keep what Servants ſhe pleaſe; What Company ſhe will; that Friend muſt not viſit you without her Licenſe; and him ſhe loves moſt, ſhe will ſeem to have eagerlieſt, to decline your Jealouſie; or, faign to be jealous of you firſt; and for that cauſe go live with her ſhe-friend, or Couſin at the College, that can inſtruct her in all the Myſteries of writing Letters, corrupting Servants, taming Spies; where

where ſhe muſt have that rich Gown for ſuch a great Day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be ſerv'd in Silver; have the Chamber fill'd with a Succeſſion of Grooms, Footmen, Uſhers, and other Meſſengers; beſides Embroiderers, Jewellers, Tire-women, Semſters, Feather-men, Perfumers; while ſhe feels not how the Land drops away; nor the Acres melt; nor foreſees the Change, when the Mercer your Woods for her Velvets; never weighs what her Pride coſts, Sir: ſo ſhe may kiſs a Page, or a ſmooth Chin, that has the deſpair of a Beard; be a Stateſwoman, know all the News, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what a Court, what in Progreſs; or, ſo ſhe may cenſure *Poets*, and Authors, and Stiles, and compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spencer*, *Johnſon* with the t'other Youth, and ſo forth; or be thought cunning in Controverſies, or the very Knots of Divinity; and have often in her Mouth, the ſtate of the Queſtion: and then skip to the *Mathematicks*, and Demonſtration and Anſwer, in Religion to one; in State to another; in Baudry to a Third.

Mor. O, O!

Tra. All this is very true Sir. And then her going in diſguiſe to that Conjurer, and this cunning Woman: where the firſt queſtion is, how ſoon you ſhall dy? next, if her preſent Servant love her? next, that if ſhe ſhall have a new Servant? and how many? which of her Family would make the beſt Baud, Male or Female? what precedence ſhe ſhall have by her next Match? and ſets down the Anſwers, and believes 'em above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps ſhe'll ſtudy the Art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your Pleaſure o' me? I'll think of theſe things.

Tru. Yes Sir: and then comes reeking home of Vapour and Sweat, with going a Foot, and lies in a Mouth of a new Face, and Oyl, and Birdlime; and riſes in Aſſes Milk, and is cleans'd with a new *fucus*; God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more (which I had almoſt forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may

may have made a Conveyance of her Virginity aforehand, as your wiſe Widows do of their States, before they marry, in truſt to ſome Friend, Sir: who can tell? or if ſhe have not done it yet, ſhe may do, upon the Wedding-day, or the Night before, and antidate you Cuckold. The like has been heard of in Nature. 'Tis no devis'd impoſſible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel *Mute*.

Mor. Come, ha' me to my Chamber: but firſt ſhut the Door. O, ſhut the Door: Is he come again? *The Horn again.*

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cutberd, Cutberd, Cutberd!* here has been a Cut-throat with me: help me in to my Bed and give me Phyſick with thy Counſel.

SCENE III.

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicœne.

Daw. Nay, an' ſhe will, let her refuſe at her own Charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But ſhe will not be invited to the like Feaſts or Gueſts every day.

They diſſwade her privately.

Cle. O, by no means, ſhe may not refuſe —— to ſtay at home, if you love your Reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpoſe to be ſeen, and laught at by the Lady of the College, and her Shadows. This Trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

Dau. You ſhall not go; let him be laught at in your ſtead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling, and talking loud to ſatisfy the Company.

Cle. He will ſuſpect us, talk aloud. 'Pray Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, let's ſee your Verſes, we have Sir *John Daw*'s leave: do not conceal your Servants Merit, and your own Glories.

Epi. They'll prove my Servants Glories, if you have his leave ſo ſoon.

Dau

Dau. His vain Glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, ſhew 'em, Miſtris, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what Glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my ſelf, too: an Author muſt recite his own Works. It is a *madrigal* of Modeſty.

Modeſt, and fair, for fair and good are neer
Neighbours, how ere.——

Dau. Very good.

Cler. I, is't not?

Daw. No noble vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray Sir *John.*

Dau. It has ſomething in't like rare Wit and Senſe.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. No noble Vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.
Then, when I praiſe ſweet modeſty, I praiſe
Bright Beauties Rais:
And having prais'd both Beauty and Modeſtee,
I have prais'd thee.

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and crys think i' the cloſe, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis *Seneca.*

Cle. No, I think 'tis *Plutarch.*

Daw. The *Dor* on *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, I hate it: they are mine own Imaginations, by that light. I wonder thoſe Fellows have ſuch credit with Gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave Authors.

Daw. Grave Aſſes! meer *Eſſayiſts!* a few looſe Sentences, and that's all. A Man would talk ſo, his whole Age; I do utter as good things every Hour, if they were co lected and obſerv'd, as either of 'em.

Dau. Indeed Sir *John?*

Cle. He muſt needs, living among the *Wits* and *Braveries* too.

Dau.

Dau. I, and bring Preſident of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's *Ariſtotle*, a meer Common-place Fellow; *Plato*, a diſcourſer; *Thucydides*, and *Livie*, tedious and dry; *Tacitus*, an entire knot: ſometimes worth the untying, very ſeldom.

Cle. What do you think of the *Poets*, Sir *John?*

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for Authors. *Homer*, an old tedious prolix Aſs, talks of Curriers, and Chines of Beef. *Virgil*, of Dunging of Land, and Bees. *Horace*, of I know not what.

Cle. I think ſo.

Daw. And ſo *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Catullus*, *Seneca* the Tragœdian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Auſonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius Flaccus*, and the reſt ——

Cle. What a Sack full of their names he has got!

Dau. And how he pours 'em out! *Politian*, with *Valerius Flaccus!*

Cle. Was not the Character right of him?

Dau. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And *Perſius*, a crabbed Cockſcom, not to be endur'd.

Dau. Why? whom do you account for Authors, Sir *John Daw?*

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris canonici*, the King of *Spain*'s Bible.

Dau. Is the King of *Spain*'s Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Dau. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil Lawyer, a *Spaniard*.

Dau. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch* man,

Cle. I, both the *Corpuſſes*, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent Authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symancha*; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a Scholler.

Daw. 'Fore God, you have a ſimple learn'd Servant, Lady, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that he is not called to the Helm, and made a Counſellor!

Dau. He is one extraordinary.

Cle

Cle. Nay, but in ordinary! to ſay truth, the State wants ſuch.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muſe a Miſtreſs can be ſo ſilent to the dotes of ſuch a Servant.

Daw. 'Tis her Vertue, Sir. I have written ſomewhat of her ſilence too.

Dau. In Verſe, Sir *John?*

Cle. What elſe?

Dau. Why? how can you juſtifie your own being of a *Poet*, that ſo ſlight all the old *Poets?*

Daw. Why, every Man that writes in Verſe, is not a Poet, you have of the Wits that write Verſes; and yet are no Poets: They are Poets that live by it, the poor Fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your Verſes, Sir *John?*

Cle. No, 'twere pity he ſhould. A Knight live by his Verſes! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Dau. And yet the Noble *Sidney* lives by his, and the Noble Family not aſham'd.

Cle. I, he profeſt himſelf; but Sir *John Daw* has more Caution: He'll not hinder his own riſing i' the State ſo much! Do you think he will? Your Verſes, good Sir *John*, are no Poems.

Daw. *Silence in Woman, is like Speech in Man;*
Deny't who can.

Dau. Not I, believe it: your Reaſon, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a Tale,*
That Female Vice ſhould be a Vertue Male,
Or Maſculine Vice a Female Vertue be:
You ſhall it ſee
Prov'd with increaſe;
I know to ſpeak, and ſhe to hold her Peace.

Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with increaſe, Sir *John?*

Daw. Why, with increaſe is, when I court her for the Common Cauſe of Mankind, and ſhe ſays nothing but *conſentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida.*

Dau. Then this is a Ballad of Procreation?
Cle. A Madrigal of Procreation; you miſtake.
Epi. 'Pray give me my Verſes again, Servant.
Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you ſhall.
Cle. See, here's *True-wit* again.

SCENE IV.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutberd, Daw, Epicœne.

Cle. Where haſt thou been, in the name of Madneſs! thus accoutred with thy Horn?

Tru. Where the Sound of it might have pierc'd your Senſes with Gladneſs, had you been in Ear-reach of it. *Dauphine*, fall down and worſhip me; I have forbid the Banes, Lad: I have been with thy vertuous Uncle, and have broke the Match.

Dau. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou ſhould'ſt hope otherwiſe, I ſhould repent me: This Horn got me Entrance; kiſs it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a Poſt; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Poſt, or a Stone, or what is ſtiffer, with thundring into him the Incommodities of a Wife, and the Miſeries of Marriage. If ever *Gorgon* were ſeen in the ſhape of a Woman, he hath ſeen her in my Deſcription. I have put him off o' that Scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? Why ſtand you mute? Are you ſtupid? You are not worthy o' the Benefit.

Dau. Did not I tell you? Miſchief!

Cle. I would you had plac'd this Benefit ſomewhere elſe.

Tru. Why ſo?

Cle. 'Slight, you have done the moſt inconſiderate, raſh, weak thing that ever Man did to his Friend.

Dau. Friend! If the moſt malicious Enemy I have, had ſtudied to inflict an Injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru.

Tru. Wherein, for Gods-ſake? Gentlemen, come to your ſelves again.

Dau. But I preſag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my Lips had been ſolder'd when I ſpake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Maſters do not put on this ſtrange Face to pay my Courteſie: off with this Vizor. Have good Turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dau. 'Fore Heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now theſe four Months, you have blaſted in a Minute: Now I am loſt, I may ſpeak. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and, to be put upon my Uncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate Silence for my ſake, being my entire Friend, and one that for the Requital of ſuch a Fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample Conditions; where now, all my Hopes are utterly miſcarried by this unlucky Accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a Man will be ignorantly officious, do Services, and not know his Why: I wonder what courteous Itch poſſeſt you! You never did abſurder Part i' your Life, nor a greater Treſpaſs to Friendſhip or Humanity.

Dau. Faith you may forgive it beſt; 'twas your Cauſe principally.

Cle. I know it, would it had not.

Dau. How now *Cutberd?* what News?

Cut. The beſt, the happieſt that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad Gentleman with your Uncle this Morning, (I think this be the Gentleman) that has almoſt talk'd him out of his Wits, with threatning him from Marriage——

Dau. On, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your Uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your Procurement; therefore he will ſee the Party you wot of preſently; and if he like her, he ſays, and that ſhe be ſo inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he ſwears he will marry her to day, inſtantly, and not defer it a Minute longer.

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this Light, I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay, ſweet *True-wit*, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the abſurd, weak Part.

Cle. Wilt thou aſcribe that to Merit now, was meer Fortune?

True. Fortune! meer Providence. Fortune had not a Finger in't. I ſaw it muſt neceſſarily in Nature fall out ſo: My *Genius* is never falſe to me in theſe things. Shew me how it could be otherwiſe.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconſiderate, and raſh, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou ſtrange Juſtifier of thy ſelf, to be wiſer than thou wert, by the Event.

Tru. Event! By this Light, thou ſhalt never perſuade me, but I foreſaw it, as well as the Stars themſelves.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you two entertain Sir *John Daw* with Diſcourſe, while I ſend her away with Inſtructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her firſt, by your Favour.

Cle. Maſter *True-wit*, Lady, a Friend of ours.

Tru. I am ſorry I have not known you ſooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare Vertue of your Silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come ſooner, you ſhould ha' ſeen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw*'s Madrigals,

Tru. Jack Daw, God ſave you; when ſaw you *La-Foole?*

Daw. Not ſince laſt Night, Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. That's a Miracle! I thought you had been inſeparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his Gueſts.

Tru. God ſo! 'tis true, What a falſe Memory have I towards that Man! I am one: I met him ev'n now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black Horſe, rid into a Foam,

a Foam, with poſting from place to place, and Perſon to Perſon, to give 'em the *Cue*———

Cle. Leſt they ſhould forget?

Tru. Yes: There was never poor Captain took more pains at a Muſter to ſhew Men, than he, at this Meal, to ſhew Friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-Feaſt, Sir.

Cle. What? do you ſay ſo, Sir *John?*

Tru. Nay, *Jack Daw* will not be out, at the beſt Friends he has, to the Talent of his Wit: Where's his Miſtreſs, to hear and applaud him? Is ſhe gone?

Daw. Is Miſtreſs *Epicœne* gone?

Cle. Gone afore! with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the Place.

Tru. Gone afore! That were a manifeſt Injury, a Diſgrace and a half; to refuſe him at ſuch a Feſtival-time as this, being a Bravery, and a Wit too.

Cle. Tut, he'll ſwallow it like Cream: He's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to eſteem any thing a Diſgrace, is offer'd him from a Miſtreſs.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; ſhe ſhall ſit alone, and be dumb in her Chamber a Week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her: Does ſhe refuſe me.

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it ſo to heart: ſhe does not refuſe you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *True-wit*, you were to blame to put it into his Head, that ſhe does refuſe him.

Tru. Sir, ſhe does refuſe him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would ſwear to ſpeak ne'er a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this Light, no more I will not.

Tru. Not to any body elſe, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not ſay ſo, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy Condition for the Company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i' faith.

Cle. As a Dog, if I were as you, Sir *John*.

Tru. Or a Snail, or a Hog-louſe: I would roll my ſelf up for this day in troth, they ſhould not unwind me.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, ſo I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his Teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you muſt walk alone, if you be right melancholick, Sir *John*.

Tru. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cle. Was there ever ſuch a two Yards of Knighthood meaſur'd out by Time, to be ſold to Laughter?

Tru. A meer talking Mole! hang him: No Muſhroom was ever ſo freſh. A Fellow ſo utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: but firſt, let's go to *Dauphine*, he's hovering about the Houſe, to hear what News.

Tru. Content.

SCENE V.

Moroſe, Epicœne, Cutberd, Mute,

Mor. Welcome *Cutberd*; draw near with your fair Charge: and in her Ear, ſoftly intreat her to unmask (——) So. Is the Door ſhut? (——) Enough. Now, *Cutberd*, with the ſame Diſcipline I uſe to my Family, I will queſtion you. As I conceive, *Cutberd*, this Gentlewoman is ſhe you have provided, and brought, in hope ſhe will fit me in the Place and Perſon of a Wife? Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: (——) Very well done, *Cutberd*. I conceive beſides, *Cutberd*, you have been pre-acquainted with her Birth, Education, and Qualities, or elſe you would not prefer her to my Acceptance, in the weighty Conſequence of Marriage. (——) This I conceive, *Cutberd*. Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (——) Very well done, *Cutberd*. Give aſide now a little, and leave me to examine her Condition, and Aptitude to my Affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a ſpecial good Favour; a ſweet Compoſition,

He goes about her, and views her.

poſition, or Harmony of Limbs; her temper of Beauty has the true height of my Blood. The Knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my Behaviour ſeem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear ſtrange. (——) Nay, Lady, you may ſpeak, though *Cutberd* and my Man might not; for of all Sounds, only the ſweet Voice of a fair Lady has the juſt length of mine Ears. I beſeech you, ſay Lady, out of the firſt fire of meeting Eyes (they ſay) Love is ſtricken: Do you feel any ſuch Motion ſuddenly ſhot into you, from any Part you ſee in me? ha, Lady? (——) Alas, Lady, theſe Anſwers by ſilent Curtſies from, are too courtleſs and ſimple. I have ever had my Breeding in Court; and ſhe that ſhall be my Wife, muſt be accompliſh'd with courtly and audacious Ornaments. Can you ſpeak, Lady?

She curtſies.

Curteſi.

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth. [*She ſpeaks ſoftly.*

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Speak out, I beſeech you.

Epi. Judge you, forſooth.

Mor. O' my Judgment, a Divine Softneſs! But can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoin theſe by Doctrine and Induſtry, refer your ſelf to the ſearch of my Judgment, and (not taking pleaſure in your Tongue, which is a Womans chiefeſt Pleaſure) think it plauſible to anſwer me by ſilent Geſtures, ſo long as my Speeches jump right with what you conceive? (——) Excellent! Divine! If it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace *Cutberd*, thou art made for ever, as thou haſt made me, if this Felicity have laſting: but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I muſt have mine Ears banquetted with pleaſant and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffs, and Dalliance in her, that I mean to chuſe for my Bed-pheere. The Ladies in Court think it a moſt deſperate impair to their quickneſs of Wit, and good Carriage, if they cannot give occaſion for a

Curteſi.

Man to court 'em; and when an amorous Diſcourſe is ſet on foot, miniſter as good Matter to continue it, as himſelf: and do you alone ſo much differ from all them, that what they (with ſo much Circumſtance) affect and toil for, to ſeem learn'd, to ſeem judicious, to ſeem ſharp and conceited, you can bury in your ſelf with Silence, and rather truſt your Graces to the fair Conſcience of Vertue, than to the Worlds or your own Proclamation.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Good Lady, ſpeak out.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. That Sorrow doth fill me with Gladneſs. O *Moroſe!* thou art happy above Mankind! Pray that thou maiſt contain thy ſelf. I will only put her to it once more, and it ſhall be with the utmoſt Touch and Teſt of their Sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do alſo love to ſee her whom I ſhall chuſe for my Heifer, to be the firſt and principal in all Faſhions, precede all the Dames at Court by a Fortnight, have her Council of Taylors, Lineners, Lace-women, Embroiderers, and ſit with 'em ſometimes twice a day upon *French* Intelligences, and then come forth varied like Nature, or oftner than ſhe, and better, by the help of Art, her emulous Servant. This do I affect; and how will you be able, Lady, with this frugality of Speech, to give the manifold (but neceſſary) Inſtructions, for that Bodies, theſe Sleeves, thoſe Skirts, this Cut, that Stitch, this Embroidery, that Lace, this Wyre, thoſe Knots, that Ruff, thoſe Roſes, this Girdle, that Fan, the t'other Scarf, theſe Gloves? Ha! what ſay you, Lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you riſe a Note.

Epi. I leave it to Wiſdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not ſin againſt ſo ſweet a Simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on thoſe divine Lips the Seal of being mine. *Cutberd,* I give thee the Leaſe of thy Houſe free; thank me not, but with thy Leg. (——) I know what thou would'ſt ſay, ſhe's poor, and her

Friends

Friends deceaſed; ſhe has brought a wealthy Dowry in her Silence, *Cutberd*; and in reſpect of her Poverty, *Cutberd*. I ſhall have her more loving and obedient, *Cutberd*. Go thy ways, and get me a Miniſter preſently, with a ſoft low Voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: ſoftly, *Cutberd*. Sirrah, conduct your Miſtreſs into the Dining-room, your now Miſtreſs. O my Felicity! How ſhall I be reveng'd on mine inſolent Kinſman, and his Plots, to fright me from marrying! This Night I will get an Heir, and thruſt him out of my Blood, like a Stranger. He would be knighted, forſooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his Title muſt do it: No, Kinſman, I will now make you bring me the tenth Lords, and the ſixteenth Ladies Letter, Kinſman; and it ſhall do you no good, Kinſman. Your Knighthood it ſelf ſhall come on its Knees, and it ſhall be rejected; it ſhall be ſued for its Fees to Execution, and not be redeem'd; it ſhall cheat at the Twelve-penny Ordinary, it Knighthood for its Diet all the Term-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation to the Hoſteſs; or it Knighthood ſhall do worſe, take Sanctuary in *Coleharbour*, and faſt. It ſhall fright all it Friends with borrowing Letters; and when one of the fourſcore hath brought it Knighthood ten Shillings, it Knighthood ſhall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*, and be drunk in fear; it ſhall not have Money to diſcharge one Tavern-Reckoning, to invite the old Creditors to forbear it Knighthood, or the new, that ſhould be, to truſt it Knighthood. It ſhall be the tenth Name in the Bond, to take up the Commodity of Pipkins and Stone-Jugs; and the part thereof ſhall not furniſh it Knighthood forth for the attempting of a Bakers Widow, a Brown Bakers Widow. It ſhall give it Knighthoods Name for a Stallion, to all Gameſom Citizens Wives, and be refus'd, when the Maſter of a Dancing-School, or (*How* do you call him) the worſt Reveller in the Town is taken: It ſhall want Clothes, and by reaſon of that, Wit, to fool Lawyers. It ſhall not have hope to repair it ſelf by *Conſtanti-*

nople, Ireland, or *Virginia*; but the beſt and laſt Fortune to it Knighthood ſhall be, to make *Dol Tear-ſheet,* or *Kate-Common* a Lady, and ſo it Knighthood may eat.

SCENE VI.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutberd.

Tru. Are you ſure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I ſtaid in the Shop ever ſince.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the Lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

Tru. What a Barbarian it is to ſtay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his Charge left behind him, which is a very good Sign, *Dauphine.*

Dau. How now, *Cutberd,* ſucceeds it, or no?

Cut. Paſt Imagination, Sir, *omnia ſecunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it ſo well: *Saltat ſenex,* as it is i' the Proverb, he does triumph in his Felicity, admires the Party! He has given me the Leaſe of my Houſe too! and I am now going for a ſilent Miniſter to marry 'em, and away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the ſilenc'd Miniſters; a zealous Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. Cum privilegio, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: When 'tis done and finiſh'd, I am for you, for any Device of Vexation.

Cut. And that ſhall be within this half hour, upon my Dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus.*

Cle. How the Slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a Jeſt to Poſterity, Sirs, this days Mirth, if ye will.

Cle. Beſhrew his Heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To tranſlate all *La-Fool*'s Company, and his Feaſt thither, to day, to celebrate this Bride-ale.

Dau. I marry; but how will't be done?

Tru.

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the Lady-gueſts thither, and then the Meat muſt follow.

Cle. For God's ſake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent Comedy of Affliction, ſo many ſeveral Noiſes.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the College-honours: one o' their Faces has not the Priming-Colour laid on yet, nor the other her Smock ſleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll riſe earlier than ordinary to a Feaſt.

Tru. Beſt go ſee, and aſſure our ſelves.

Cle. Who knows the Houſe?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know *Tom Otter!*

Cle. No: For God's ſake, what is he?

Tru. An excellent Animal, equal with your *Daw* or *La-Fool*, if not tranſcendent; and does *Latin* it as much as your Barber: He is his Wifes Subject, he calls her Princeſs, and at ſuch times as theſe follows her up and down the Houſe like a Page, with his Hat off, partly for Heat, partly for Reverence. At this inſtant he is marſhalling of his Bull, Bear, and Horſe,

Dau. What be thoſe, in the Name of *Sphinx?*

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great Man at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that ſubtle Sport has tane the wity Denomination of his chief carowſing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Bear, another his Horſe. And then he has his leſſer Glaſſes, that he calls his Deer and his Ape; and ſeveral Degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any Entertainment perfect, till theſe be brought out, and ſet o' the Cupboard.

Cle. For God's Love! we ſhould miſs this, if we ſhould not go.

Tru.

Tru. Nay, he has a thouſand things as good, that will ſpeak him all day. He will rail on his Wife, with certain Common Places, behind her back; and to her Face——

Dau. No more of him. Let's go ſee him, I Petition you.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Otter, Mrs. *Otter*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont Dauphine.*

NAY, good Princeſs, hear me *pauca Verba.*

Mrs. *Ott.* By that Light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your Bull-dogs and Bear-dogs, if you be not Civil the ſooner. I'll ſend you to Kennel, i' faith. You were beſt bait me with your Bull, Bear and Horſe? Never a time that the Courtiers or Collegiates come to the Houſe, but you make it a *Shrove-tueſday!* I would have you get your *Whit-ſontide*-Velvet-Cap, and your Staff i' your Hand, to entertain 'em; yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not ſo, Princeſs, neither; but, under correction, ſweet Princeſs, gi' me leave —— Theſe things I am known to the Courtiers by: It is reported to them for my Humour, and they receive it ſo, and do expect it. *Tom Otter*'s Bull, Bear, and Horſe, is known all over *England, in rerum natura.*

Mrs. *Ott.* 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Paris-garden*, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a Bear a fit Beaſt, or a Bull, to mix in Society with great Ladies? Think i' your Diſcretion, in any good Polity.

Ott. The Horſe then, good Princeſs.

Mrs. *Ott.* Well, I am contented for the Horſe; they Love to be well Hors'd I know I: Love it my ſelf.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horſe, this *Poetarum Pegaſus.* Under correction, Princeſs, *Jupiter* did turn himſelf into a——*Taurus*, or Bull, under correction, good Princeſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ott.* By Integrity, I'll ſend you over to the Bank-ſide, I'll commit you to the Maſter of the Garden, if I hear but a Syllable more. Muſt my Houſe or my Roof be polluted with the ſcent of Bears and Bulls, when it is perfum'd for great Ladies? Is this according to the Inſtrument, when I married you? That I would be Princeſs, and reign in mine own Houſe; and you would be my Subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, ſhould make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your Half-crown a day, to ſpend where you will, among your Gameſters, to vex and torment me at ſuch times as theſe? Who gives you your Maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your Horſe-meat and Mans-meat? Your three Sutes of Apparel a Year? Your four pair of Stockins, one Silk, three Worſted? Your clean Linnen, your Bands and Cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis mar'le you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Perſonages, to ſpeak to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your Houſe? Were you ever ſo much as look'd upon by a Lord or a Lady, before I married you, but on the *Eaſter* or *Whitſon* Holy-days? and then out at the Banquetting-houſe Window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the Stake?

Tru. (For God's ſake, let's go ſtave her off him.)

Mrs. *Ott.* Anſwer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greaſie Buff-Doublet, with Points, and green Velvet Sleeves, out at the Elbows? You forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. *Ott.* O, here are ſome o' the Gallants! Go to, behave your ſelf diſtinctly, and with good Morality; or, I proteſt, I'll take away your Exhibition.

SCENE II.

True-wit, Mrs. *Otter,* Cap. *Otter, Clerimont, Dauphine, Cutberd.*

By your leave, fair Miſtreſs *Otter,* I'll be bold to enter theſe Gentlemen in your Acquaintance.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ott.* I ſhall not be obnoxious, or difficil, Sir.

Tru. How does my noble Captain? Is the Bull, Bear, and Horſe in *rerum natura* ſtill?

Ott. Sir, *Sic viſum ſuperis.*

Mrs. *Ott.* I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get Toſts and Butter made for the Woodcocks: That's a fit Province for you.

Cle. Alas, what a Tyranny is this poor Fellow married to!

Tru. O, but the ſport will be anon, when we get him looſe.

Dau. Dares he ever ſpeak?

Tru. No *Anabaptiſt* ever rail'd with the like Licence: but mark her Language in the mean time, I beſeech you.

Mrs. *Ott.* Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My Couſin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir *John Daw* here to ask for him, and the Company?

Mrs. *Ott.* I cannot aſſure you, Mr. *True-wit.* Here was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruff, that demanded my Subject for ſome body, a Gentleman, I think.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* But he departed ſtraight, I can reſolve you.

Dau. What an excellent choice Phraſe this Lady expreſſes in!

Tru. O, Sir! ſhe is the only authentical Courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the City.

Mrs. *Ott.* You have taken that report upon truſt, Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I aſſure you, the Court governs it ſo, Lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. *Ott.* I am the Servant of the Court and Courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. *Ott.* Not ſo, Sir.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd?* Any Croſs?

Cut. O no, Sir, *Omnia bene.* 'Twas never better o' the Hinges, all's ſure. I have ſo pleas'd him with a Curate, that he's gone to't almoſt with the delight he hopes for ſoon.

Dau. What is he for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a Cold, Sir, and can ſcarce be heard ſix Inches off; as if he ſpoke out of a Bulruſh that were not pickt, or his Throat were full of Pitch: a fine quick Fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they ſay) be ready with your Vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honeſt *Cutberd*; be thereabouts with thy Key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum.*

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my Coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll ſend *Daw* to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. *Ott.* Is Mr. *True-wit* gone?

Dau. Yes, Lady, there is ſome unfortunate Buſineſs fallen out.

Mrs. *Ott.* So I judg'd by the Phiſiognomy of the Fellow that came in; and I had a Dream laſt Night too of the new Pageant, and my Lady Mayoreſs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other day, when her Honour came hither to ſee ſome *China* Stuffs; and ſhe expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it ſince very true. It has done me many Affronts.

Cle. Your Dream, Lady?

Mrs. *Ott.* Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the City. It ſtain'd me a Damask Table-cloth, coſt me eighteen Pound, at one time; and burnt me a black Satten Gown, as I ſtood by the Fire, at my Lady *Centaure*'s Chamber, in the College, another time. A third time, at the Lord's Maſque, it dropt all my Wyre and my Ruff with Wax-candle, that I could not go up to the Banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking Coach to go to *Ware*, to meet a Friend, it daſh'd me a new Sute all over (a Crimſen Satten Doublet,

Doublet, and black Velvet Skirts) with a Brewers Horſe, that I was fain to go in and ſhift me, and kept my Chamber a Leaſh of Days for the anguiſh of it.

Dau. Theſe were dire Miſchances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the City, an 'twere ſo fatal to me.

Mrs. *Ott.* Yes, Sir; but I do take Advice of my Doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Miſtreſs *Otter*.

Mrs. *Ott.* Will it pleaſe you to enter the Houſe farther, Gentlemen?

Dau. And your Favour, Lady: But we ſtay to ſpeak with a Knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. We ſhall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* At your own time, Sir. It is my Couſin Sir *Amorous* his Feaſt——

Dau. I know it, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* And mine together. But it is for his Honour, and therefore I take no Name of it, more than of the Place.

Dau. You are a bounteous Kinſwoman.

Mrs. *Ott.* Your Servant, Sir.

SCENE III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine, Otter.

Why, do you know it, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a Rook if I do.

Cle. I'll tell you then; ſhe's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' Head, that ſhe was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I aſſure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the nobleſt, honeſteſt Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your Quality could boaſt of. He has diſcover'd the whole Plot, and made your Miſtreſs ſo acknowledging, and indeed, ſo aſhamed of her Injury to you, that ſhe deſires you to forgive her, and but grace her Wedding with your preſence to day—— She is to be married to a very good Fortune, ſhe ſays, his Uncle old *Moroſe*: and ſhe will'd me in private to tell

tell you, that ſhe ſhall be able to do you more Favours, and with more Security now than before.

Daw. Did ſhe ſay ſo, i' faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir *John!* ask Sir *Dauphine.*

Dau. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine,* did ſhe deſire me to forgive her?

Cle. I aſſure you, Sir *John,* ſhe did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my Heart, and I'll be *jovial.*

Cle. Yes, for look you, Sir, this was the Injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feaſt to honour her Bridal day, and made you the Property to invite the College Ladies, and promiſe to bring her; and then at the time, ſhe would have appear'd (as his Friend) to have given you the *Dor.* Whereas now, Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of Satisfaction, that you ſhall bring all the Ladies to the place where ſhe is, and be very *jovial*; and there, ſhe will have a Dinner, which ſhall be in your name: and ſo diſappoint *La-Foole,* to make you good again, and (as it were) a ſaver i' the Man.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cle. About it then preſently. *True-wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with ſo much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagoniſt,* but take you no notice, but be very *jovial.*

La-F. Are the Ladies come, Sir *John Daw,* and your Miſtreſs? Sir *Dauphine!* you are exceeding welcome, and honeſt Maſter *Clerimont.* Where's my Couſin? did you ſee no Collegiats, Gentlemen?

Dau. 'Collegiats! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous,* how you are abus'd?

La-F. How Sir!

Cle. Will you ſpeak ſo kindly to Sir *John Daw,* that has done you ſuch an affront.

La-F. Wherein, Gentlemen? let me be a ſuitor to you to know, I beſeech you!

Cle.

Cle. Why Sir, his Miſtriſs is married to Day to Sir *Dauphine*'s Uncle, your Couſin's Neighbour, and he has diverted all the Ladies, and all your Company thither, to fruſtrate your Proviſion, and ſtick a Diſgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have intic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think,

La-F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me ſo inhumanly?

Drn. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, moſt maliciouſly and treacherouſly: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you ſhall quit him i' faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Dau. Marry Sir, get me your Pheaſants, and your Godwits, and your beſt Meat, and diſh it in Silver Diſhes of your Couſin's preſently, and ſay nothing, but clap me a clean Towel about you, like a Sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good Confidence ('tis but over the Way, hard by) and we'll ſecond you, where you ſhall ſet it o' the Board, and bid 'em welcom to't which ſhall ſhow 'tis yours, and diſgrace his Preparation utterly: and for your Couſin, whereas ſhe ſhould be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, ſhe ſhall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal Gueſt her ſelf, ſit rank'd with the College Honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the beſt of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her preſently. It ſhall be done, that's reſolv'd.

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be Gueſts, and Meat now, how ſhall we do for Muſick?

Cle. The ſmell of the Veniſon, going thro' the Street, will invite one noiſe of Fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the Trumpeters thither.

Cle. Faith there is hope, they have Intelligence of all Feaſts. There's good correſpondence betwixt them and the *London* Cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he have 'em,

Dau.

Dau. 'Twill be a moſt ſolemn day for my Uncle, and an excellent fit of Mirth for us.

Cle. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and never bring them to expoſtulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* ſays) and you may take their Underſtandings in a Purſenet. They'll believe themſelves to be juſt ſuch Men as we make 'em, neither more nor leſs. They have nothing, not the uſe of their Senſes, but by Tradition.

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towel on already. Have you perſuaded your Couſin?

[*He enters like a Sewer.*

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feaſible: ſhe'll do any thing, ſhe ſays, rather than the *La-Fooles* ſhall be diſgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble Kinſwoman. It will be ſuch a peſt'ling device, Sir *Amorous*! It will pound all your Enemies Practiſes to Powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own Train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give Fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you muſt carry it privately, without any noiſe, and take no notice by any means———

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princeſs ſays you ſhall have all her Silver Diſhes, *feſtinate*: and ſhe's gone to alter her Tire a little, and go with you———

Cle. And your ſelf too, Captain *Otter*.

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes Sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my Couſin Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be ſuitors to my Princeſs, that I may carry my Bull and my Bear, as well as my Horſe.

Cle. That you ſhall do, Captain *Otter*.

La-F. My Couſin will never conſent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She muſt conſent, Sir *Amorous*, to reaſon.

La-F. Why, ſhe ſays they are no *decorum* among Ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, ſhe muſt hear Argument. Did not *Paſiphae*, who was a Queen, love a Bull? and was not *Caliſto*, the Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Bear, and made a Star, Miſtriſs *Urſula*, i' the Heavens?

Ott.

Ott. O God! that I could ha' ſaid as much! I will have theſe Stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphoſi.*

Dau. Where is your Princeſs, Captain? pray' be our Leader.

Ott. That I ſhall, Sir.

Cle. Make haſte, good Sir *Amorous.*

SCENE IV.

Moroſe, Epicœne, Parſon, Cutberd.

Mor. Sir, there's an Angel for your ſelf, and a brace of Angels for your Cold. Muſe not at this manage of my Bounty. It is fit we ſhould thank Fortune, double to Nature, for any benefit ſhe confers upon us; beſides, it is your Imperfection, but my Solace.

[*The Perſon ſpeaks has having a Cold.*

Par. I thank your Worſhip; ſo it is mine, now.

Mor. What ſays he, *Cutberd?*

Cut. He ſays, *præſto*, Sir, whenſoever your Worſhip needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this Cold with ſitting up late, and ſinging Catches with Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worſhip, and give you much Joy with your fair Spouſe. (Umph, umph.)

[*He coughs.*

Mor. O, O, ſtay *Cutberd*! let him give me Five Shillings of my Money back. As it is bounty to reward Benefits, ſo it is equity to mulct Injuries. I will have it. What ſays he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It muſt be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What ſays he?

Cut. He will cough out the reſt, Sir.

Par. (Umph, umph, umph.) [*Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him, ſtop his Mouth, away, I forgive it——

Epi.

Epi. Fye, Maſter *Moroſe*, that you will uſe this violence to a Man of the Church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your Gravity, or Breeding (as you pretend in Court) to have offer'd this outrage on a Water-man, or any more boiſtrous Creature, much leſs on a Man of his civil Coat.

Mor. You can ſpeak then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out I mean.

Epi. I, Sir, Why, did you think you had married a Statue? or a Motion only? one of the *French* Puppets, with the Eyes turn'd with a Wire? or ſome Innocent out of the Hoſpital, that would ſtand with her Hands thus, and a Plaiſe-mouth, and look upon you.

Mor. O Immodeſty! a manifeſt Woman! what *Cutberd*.

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutberd*, Sir, it is too late now. I confeſs it doth bate ſomewhat of the Modeſty I had, when I writ ſimply Maid, but I hope I ſhall make it a Stock ſtill competent to the Eſtate and Dignity of your Wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaves, there? where is this Impoſtor, *Cutberd*?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, ſpeak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbneſs in my Houſe, in a Family where I govern.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I have married a *Pentheſilea*, a *Semiramis*, ſold my Liberty to a Diſtaff,

SCENE V.

True-wit, Moroſe, Epicœne.

Tru. Where's Maſter *Moroſe*?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

Tru. I wiſh you all joy, Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, with your grave and honourable Match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Maſter *True-wit*, ſo friendly a wiſh deſerves.

Mor.

Mor. She has Acquaintance too!

Tru. God ſave you, Sir, and give you all contentment in your fair Choice, here. Before I was the Bird of Night to you, the Owl; but now I am the Meſſenger of Peace, a Dove, and bring you the glad wiſhes of many Friends to the celeberation of this good Hour.

Mor. What Hour, Sir?

Tru. Your marriage Hour, Sir. I commend your Reſolution, that (notwitſtanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the Voice of a Nightcrow) would yet go on, and be your ſelf. It ſhews you are a Man conſtant to your own Ends, and upright to your Purpoſes, that would not be put off with Left-handed Cries.

Mor. How ſhould you arrive at the Knowledge of ſo much!

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing the ſecrecy of it to a Barber, that leſs than the whole Town ſhould know it? you might as well ha' told it the Conduit, or the Bake-houſe, or the Infant'ry that follow the Court, and with more ſecurity. Could your Gravity ſo old and noted a Remnant, as, *lippis & tonſoribus notum?* Well Sir, forgive it your ſelf now, the Fault, and be communicable with your Friends. Here will be three or four faſhionable Ladies from the College to viſit you preſently, and their Train of Minions and Followers.

Mor. Bar my Doors! bar my Doors! where are all my Eaters? my Mouths now? bar up my Doors, you Varlets.

Epi. He is a Varlet that ſtirs to ſuch an office. Let 'em ſtand open. I would ſee him that dares move his Eyes toward it. Shall I have a *barricado* made againſt my Friends, to be barr'd of any Pleaſure they can bring in to me with honourable Viſitation?

Mor. O *Amazonian* impudence!

Tru. Nay faith, in this, Sir, ſhe ſpeaks but reaſon: and me-thinks is more continent than you. Would you go to Bed ſo preſently, Sir, afore Noon? a Man of your Head and Hair, ſhould owe more to that Reverend

rend Ceremony, and not mount the Marriage-bed, like a Town-bull, or a Mountain-goat; but ſtay the due Seaſon; and aſcend it then with Religion and Fear. Thoſe delights are to be ſteep'd in the Humour, and ſilence of the Night? and give the day to other open Pleaſures, and Jollities of Feaſting, of Muſick, of Revels, of Diſcourſe: we'll have all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you indure the firſt half Hour, Sir, ſo tediouſly, and with this irkſomeneſs; what comfort, or hope, can this fair Gentlewoman make to her ſelf hereafter, in the conſideration of ſo many Years as are to come———

Mor. Of my Affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, Sir,

Mor. That curſed Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a curſed Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I have married his Cittern, that's common to all Men. Some Plague, above the Plague———

Tru. (All *Ægypt*'s ten Plagues)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a Curſe or two more I'll aſſure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the Pox with ſeeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that while he is curling another Man's Hair, his own may drop off? Or, for burning ſome Male-bawds Lock, he may have his Brain beat out with the Curling-iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch live wretched. May he get the Itch, and his Shop ſo louſie, as no Man dare come at him, nor he come at no Man.

Tru. (I, and if he would ſwallow all his Balls for Pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his Warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual Froſt underneath it, Sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to ſee Fire again.

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir.)

Mor. His Chairs be always empty, his Sciſſars ruſt, and his Combs mould in their Caſes.

Tru.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he loſe the Invention, Sir, of carving Lanterns in Paper.)

Mor. Let there be no Bawd Carted that Year, to employ a Baſon of his: but let him be glad to eat his Sponge for Bread.

Tru. And drink *letium* to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or for want of Bread——

Tru. Eat Ear-wax, Sir, I'll help you. Or, draw his own Teeth, and add them to the Lute-ſtring.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to Powder, and make Bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make, make Meal o' the Mill-ſtones.)

Mor. May all the Botches and Burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the Cure of 'em in himſelf, Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' ſcrap'd all his Linnen into a Lint for't, and have not a Rag left him to ſet up with.

Mor. Let him never ſet up again, but have the Gout in his Hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that laſt was too high ſet! you might go leſs with him i'faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to New-paint his Pole——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my ſelf.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a Comb-maker——

Mor. No more, Sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his Glaſs in a former deſpair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Mor. I beſeech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be truſted with triming of any but Chimney-Sweepers——

Mor. Sir——

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers Throat with his Raſor, by *Chance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beſeech you, Sir.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Daw, Moroſe, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Truſty.

Daw. This way, Madam.

Mor. O, the Sea breaks in upon me! another Flood! an Inundation! I ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with noiſe. It beats already at my Shores. I feel an Earthquake in my ſelf for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, Miſtris.

Mor. Has ſhe Servants too!

Daw. I have brought ſome Ladies here to ſee and know you. My Lady *Haughty*, this my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtris *Dol Mavis*, Miſtris *Truſty* my Lady *Haughty*'s Woman. Where's your Husband? let's ſee him: can he endure no noiſe? let me come to him. *She kiſſes them ſeverally as he preſents them.*

Mor. What *nomenclator* is this!

Tru. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your Wives Servant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' ſhe have ſuch Servants.

Tru. Nay, Sir, you muſt kiſs the Ladies, you muſt not go away, now; they come toward you to ſeek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Maſter *Moroſe*, would you ſteal a Marriage thus, in the midſt of ſo many Friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiſs you, notwithſtanding the juſtice of my Quarrel: you ſhall give me leave, Miſtris, to uſe a becoming familiarity with your Huſband.

Epi. Your Ladyſhip do's me an honour in it, to let me know he is ſo worthy your Favour: as, you have done both him and me Grace, to viſit ſo unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Complement! Complement?

Epi. But I muſt lay the burden of that upon my Servant here.

Hau. It ſhall not need, Miſtris *Moroſe*; we will all bear, rather than one ſhall be oppreſt.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if ſhe be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the ſilent Woman?

Cen. Nay, ſhe has found her Tongue ſince ſhe was married, Maſter *True-wit* ſays.

Hau. O, Maſter *True-wit!* 'ſave you. What kind of Creature is your Bride here? ſhe ſpeaks me-thinks!

Tru. Yes Madam, believe it, ſhe is a Gentlewoman of very abſolute Behaviour, and of a good Race.

Hau. And *Jack Daw* told us, ſhe could not ſpeak.

Tru. So it was carried in Plot, Madam, to put her upon this old Fellow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, and one or two more of us: but ſhe is a Woman of an excellent aſſurance, and an extraordinary happy Wit and Tongue. You ſhall ſee her make rare ſport with *Daw* ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himſelf the Maſter-wit, is the Maſter-Fool. I aſſure your Ladyſhip ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the College: an' ſhe have Wit, ſhe ſhall be one of us! ſhall ſhe not, *Centaure?* we'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, Madam, and *Mavis*; and ſhe will ſet up a ſide.

Tru. Believe it, Madam, and Miſtris *Mavis*, ſhe will ſuſtain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Uſe her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Bleſſed minute! that they would whiſper thus ever!

Tru. In the mean time, Madam, would but your Ladyſhip help to vex him a little: you know his Diſeaſe, talk to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or call for your Gloves, or ———

Hau.

Hau. Let me alone. *Centaure*, help me. Maſter Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculouſly good to laſt!

Hau. We ſee no Enſigns of a Wedding here; no Character of a Bride-ale: where be our Skarves and our Gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your Bride's Colours, and yours at leaſt.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your Ladyſhip's Painter I would.

Hau. He has given it you, *Centaure*, i' faith. But do you hear, M. *Moroſe*, a Jeſt will not abſolve you in this manner. You that have ſuck'd the Milk of the Court, and from thence have been brought up to the very ſtrong Meats and Wine of it; been a Courtier from the Biggen to the Night-cap: (as we may ſay) and you to offend in ſuch a high Point of Ceremony as this! and let your Nuptials want all Marks of Solemnity! How much Plate have you loſt to day (if you had but regarded your Profit,) what Gifts, what Friends, thro' your meer ruſticity?

Mor. Madam ——

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I muſt inſinuate your Errours to you, No Gloves? no Garters? no Skarves? no *Epithalamium?* no Maſque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promiſe my Miſtris, I have begun it already: will your Ladyſhip hear it?

Hau. I, good *Jack Daw*.

Mor. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip command a Chamber, and be private with your Friend? you ſhall have your choice of Rooms to retire after: my whole Houſe is yours. I know it hath been your Ladyſhip's Errand, into the City at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I ſhall be loth to break any honourable Cuſtom of your Ladyſhip's. And therefore, good Madam ——

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bridegroom, to entertain Ladies of Honour in this faſhion.

Cen. He is a rude Groom indeed.

Tru. By that light you deſerve to be grafted, and have your Horns reach from one ſide of the Iſland to the other. Do not miſtake me, Sir, I but ſpeak this to give the Ladies ſome heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your *Bravo*, Ladies?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter ſuch another word, I'll take Miſtris Bride in, and begin to you in a very ſap Cup; do you ſee? Go too, know your Friends, and ſuch as love you.

SCENE VII.

Clerimont, Moroſe, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Miſtris Otter, &c.

Cle. By your leave, Ladies. Do you want any Muſick? I have brought you variety of noiſes. Play, Sirs, all of you. [*Muſick of Sorts.*

Mor. O, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, upon me! This day I ſhall be their Anvile to work on, they will grate me aſunder. 'Tis worſe than the noiſe of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Hair, Roſin, and Guts. I can give you the Receipt.

Tru. Peace, Boys.

Cle. Play, I ſay.

Tru Peace, Raſcals. You ſee who's your Friend now, Sir? Take courage, put on a Martyr's reſolution. Mock down all their attemptings with Patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would ſuffer Heroically. Should an Aſs exceed me in Fortitude? No. You betray your Infirmity with your hanging dull Ears, and make them inſult: bear up bravely, and conſtantly. Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your Nephew; a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight-ſewer before it, for t he more Reputation: and fine Mrs. *Otter*, your Neighbour, in the Rump or Tail of it.

[*La-Foole paſſes over ſewing the Meat.*

Mor. Is that *Gorgon*, that *Meduſa* come? Hide me, hide me.

Tru.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, ſhe will not transform you. Look upon her with a good Courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your Gueſs in. No, Miſtris Bride, will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom is ſo ſhame-fac'd, here ———

Epi. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip, Madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your Company, Miſtris.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your Duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Miſtris.

Cen. How like you her Wit, *Mavis?*

Mav. Very prettily, abſolutely well.

M. *Ot.* 'Tis my Place.

Mav. You ſhall pardon me, Miſtris *Otter.*

M. *Ot.* Why, I am a Collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

M. *Ot.* But I am.

Mav. We'll diſpute that within.

Cle. Would this had laſted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had ſent for the Heralds. Captain *Otter*, what News?

Ott. I have brought my Bull, Bear, and Horſe, in private, and yonder are the Trumpeters without, and the Drum Gentlemen.

[*The Drum and Trumpets Sound.*

Mor. O, O, O.

Ott. And we will have a rouſe in each of them, anon, for bold *Britons* i' faith.

Mor. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. WAS there ever poor Bridegroom ſo tormented? or Man indeed?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the *Cronicles* of the Land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to place of reſt, after all this Purgatory.

Cle. He may preſume it, I think.

Tru. The Spitting, the Coughing, the Laughter, the Neeſing, the Farting, Dancing, noiſe of the Muſick, and her maſculine and loud Commanding, and urging the whole Family, makes him think he has married a *Fury*.

Cle. And ſhe carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, ſhe takes any occaſion to ſpeak: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how ſoberly *Dauphine* labours to ſatisfie him, that it was none of his Plot!

Tru. And has almoſt brought him to the faith, i' the Article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, *Dauphine?*

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I ſhall go away i' the Jeſt elſe. He has got on his whole neſt of Night-caps, and lock'd himſelf up i' the top o' the Houſe, as high as ever he can climb from the noiſe. I peep'd in at a Crany, and ſaw him ſitting over a croſs Beam o' the Roof, like him o' the Sadler's Horſe in *Fleet-ſtreet*, upright: and he will ſleep there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Dau. With-drawn with the Bride in private.

Tru. O, they are inſtructing her i' the College-Grammar. If ſhe have grace with them, ſhe knows all their ſecrets inſtantly.

Cle. Me-thinks, the Lady *Haughty* looks well to day, for all my diſpraiſe of her i' the Morning. I think, I ſhall come about to thee again, *True-wit.*

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the loſſes, time and years have made i' their Features, with dreſſings. And an intelligent Woman, if ſhe know by her ſelf the leaſt defect, will be moſt curious, to hide it: and it becomes her. If ſhe be ſhort, let her ſit much, leſt when ſhe ſtands, ſhe be thought to ſit. If ſhe have an ill Foot, let her wear her Gown the longer, and her Shooe the thinner. If a fat Hand, and ſcald Nails, let her carve the leſs,

and

and act in Gloves. If a ſowre Breath let her never diſcourſe faſting; and always talk at her diſtance. If ſhe have black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the leſs at laughter, eſpecially if ſhe laugh wide and open.

Cle. O, you ſhall have ſome Women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is ſo rude and ——

Tru. I, and others, that will ſtalk i' their Gate like an *Eſtrich*, and take huge ſtrides. I cannot endure ſuch a ſight. I love meaſure i' the Feet, and number i' the Voice: they are gentleneſſes, that oftentimes draw no leſs than the Face.

Dau. How cam'ſt thou to ſtudy theſe Creatures ſo exactly? I would thou would'ſt make me a Proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you muſt leave to live i' your Chamber then a Month together upon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to Court, to Tiltings, publick Shows, and Feaſts, to Plays and Church ſometimes: thither they come to ſhew their new Tyres too, to ſee, and to be ſeen. In theſe Places a Man ſhall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arreſts his Judgment. A Wench to pleaſe a Man comes not down dropping from the Ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a Tobacco-pipe. He muſt go where ſhe is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the neer.

Tru. Out Heretick. That difference makes thee worthy it ſhould be ſo.

Cle. He ſays true to you, *Dauphine.*

Dau. Why?

Tru. A Man ſhould not doubt to overcome any Woman. Think he can vanquiſh 'em, and he ſhall: for tho' they deny, their deſire is to be tempted. *Penelope* her ſelf cannot hold out long. *Oſtend*, you ſaw, was taken at laſt. You muſt perſevere, and hold to your purpoſe. They would ſollicite us, but that they are afraid. Howſoever, they wiſh in their Hearts we ſhould ſollicite them. Praiſe 'em, flatter 'em, you ſhall never

want Eloquence or Truſt: even the chaſteſt delight to ſeel themſelves that way rub'd. With Praiſes you muſt mix Kiſſes too. If they take them, they'll take more. Tho' they ſtrive, they would be overcome.

Cle. O, but a Man muſt beware of Force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable Violence, and has oft-times the place of the greateſt Courteſie. She that might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, tho' then ſhe ſeem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the Face, is aſſuredly ſad at the Heart.

Cle. But all Women are not to be taken always.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all Birds, or all Fiſhes. If you appear learned to an ignorant Wench, or jocund to a ſad, or witty to a fooliſh, why ſhe preſently begins to miſtruſt her ſelf. You muſt approach them i' their own Height, their own Line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themſelves to Noble and Worthy Fellows, run into the Embraces of a Raſcal. If ſhe love Wit, give Verſes, tho' you borrow 'em of a Friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, tho' you be ſtaunch in fighting. If Activity, be ſeen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping over Stools, for the credit of your Back. If ſhe love good Clothes or Dreſſing, have your Learned Council about you every Morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linnener, *&c.* Let your Powder, your Glaſs, and your Comb be your deareſt Acquaintance. Take more care for the Ornament of your Head, than the Safety; and wiſh the Common-wealth rather troubled, than a Hair about you. That will take her. Then if ſhe be covetous and craving, do you promiſe any thing, and perform ſparingly; ſo ſhall you keep her in appetite ſtill. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren Field, that yields little; or unlucky Dice to fooliſh and hoping Gameſters. Let your Gifts be ſlight and dainty, rather than precious. Let Cunning be above Coſt. Give Cherries at time of Year, or Apricots; and ſay, they were ſent you out of the Country,

try,

try, tho' you bought 'em in *Cheapſide*. Admire her Tires; like her in all Faſhions; compare her in every Habit to ſome Deity; invent excellent Dreams to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if ſhe be a Great one, perform always the Second Parts to her; like what ſhe likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and fail not to make the Houſhold and Servants yours, yea the whole Family, and ſalute 'em by their Names, ('tis but light Coſt, if you can purchaſe 'em ſo) and make her Phyſician your Penſioner, and her chief Woman. Nor will it be out of your Gain to make Love to her too, ſo ſhe follow, not uſher her Ladies Pleaſure. All Blabbing is taken away, when ſhe comes to be a part of the Crime.

Dau. On what Courtly Lap haſt thou late ſlept, to come forth ſo ſudden and abſolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I ſhould rather queſtion you, that are ſo hearkning after theſe Myſteries. I begin to ſuſpect your Diligence, *Dauphine*. Speak, art thou in Love in earneſt?

Dau. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill diſſembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Dau. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the Stable, an' you be ſuch a Stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men ſhould love wiſely, and all Women; ſome one for the Face, and let her pleaſe the Eye; another for the Skin, and let her pleaſe the Touch; a third for the Voice, and let her pleaſe the Ear; and where the Objects mix, let the Senſes ſo too. Thou would'ſt think it ſtrange, if I ſhould make 'em all in Love with thee afore Night!

Dau. I would ſay, thou hadſt the beſt *Philtre* i' the World, and couldſt do more than Madam *Medea*, or Doctor *Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the Mountebank for my Meat while I live, and the Bawd for my Drink.

Dau. So be it, I ſay.

SCENE II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Moroſe, True-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. Otter.

Ott. O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights and I have miſt you here!

Cle. Why, Captain, what Service? what Service?

Ott. To ſee me bring up my Bull, Bear, and Horſe to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captain ſays we ſhall be his Dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good Employment.

Tru. Come on, let's ſee your Courſe then.

La-F. I am afraid my Couſin will be offended if ſhe come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the Drum and the Trumpets, and one to give 'em the Sign when you are ready. Here's my Bull for my ſelf, and my Bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my Horſe for Sir *Amorous*. Now ſet your Foot to mine, and yours to his, and ——

La-F. Pray God my Couſin come not.

Ott. Saint *George* and Saint *Andrew!* Fear no Couſins. Come, ſound, ſound. *Et rauco ſtrepuerunt, cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well ſaid, Captain, i' faith; well fought at the Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Bear.

Tru. Low, low, Captain.

Dau. O, the Horſe has kickt off his Dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods ſo, off with his Spurs, ſome body.

La-F. It goes againſt my Conſcience. My Couſin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, Sir *John*.

Cle. At the Head.

Dau. Like an excellent Bear-dog.

Cle. You take no notice of the Buſineſs, I hope.

Daw.

Daw. Not a word, Sir; you ſee we are jovial.

Ott. Sir *Amorous*, you muſt not equivocate. It muſt be pull'd down, for all my Couſin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your Drink, they'll think you are diſcontented with ſomething; you'll betray all, if you take the leaſt notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You muſt pull the Horſe on his Knees, Sir, *Amorous*; fear no Couſins. *Facta, eſt alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his Vein, and bold. The leaſt hint given him of his Wife now, will make him rail deſperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dau. Captain He-*Otter*, your She-*Otter*, is coming, your Wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium.* There's no ſuch thing in Nature. I confeſs, Gentlemen, I have a Cook, a Laundreſs, a Houſe-drudge, that ſerves my neceſſary turns, and goes under that Title: But he's an Aſs that will be ſo uxorious to tie his Affections to one Circle. Come, the Name dulls Appetite. Here, repleniſh again; another Bout. Wives are naſty ſluttiſh Animals.

Dau. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the Earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Where's Maſter *True-wit*?

Dau. He's ſlipt aſide, Sir.

Cle. But you muſt drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you ſhall ha' the Boar, Couſin, and Sir *John Daw* the Horſe, and I'll ha' the Bull ſtill. Sound *Tritons* O' the *Thames*: *Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero* ——

Mor. Villains, Murderers, Sons of the Earth, and Traitors, what do you there?

[Moroſe *ſpeaks from above, the Trumpets ſounding.*

Cle.

Cle. O, now the Trumpets have wak'd him, we ſhall have his Company.

Ott. A Wife is a ſcurvy *Clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foreſaid Bear-whelp, without any good Faſhion or Breeding; *mala beſtia.*

[*His Wife is brought out to hear him.*

Dau. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A pox — I married with Six Thouſand Pound, I. I was in Love with that. I ha' not kiſt my Fury theſe Forty Weeks.

Cle. The more to blame you, Captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. *Otter*, hear him a little firſt.

Ott. She hath a Breath worſe than my Grandmothers *Profecto.*

Mrs. *Ott.* O treacherous Liar. Kiſs me, ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, and prove him a ſlandering Knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, Lady.

Ott. And ſhe has a Perruke, that's like a Pound of Hemp, made up in Shoe-threds.

Mrs. *Ott.* O Viper, Mandrake!

Ott. A moſt vile Face! and yet ſhe ſpends me Forty Pound a Year in *Mercury* and Hogs Bones. All her Teeth were made i' the *Black-Friers*, both her Eye-brows i' the *Strand*, and her Hair in *Silver-ſtreet.* Every part o' the Town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. *Ott.* I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes her ſelf aſunder ſtill when ſhe goes to Bed, into ſome twenty Boxes; and about next day Noon is put together again, like a great *German* Clock; and ſo comes forth, and Rings a tedious Larum to the whole Houſe, and then is quiet again for an Hour, but for her Quarters. Ha' you done me right, Gentlemen?

Mrs. *Ott.* No, Sir, I'll do you right with my Quarters, with my Quarters.

[*She falls upon him, and beats him.*

Ott. O, hold, good Princeſs.

Tru. Sound, ſound.

Cle. A Battel, a Battel,

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ott.* You notorious ſtinkardly Bearward, does my Breath ſmell?

Ott. Under Correction, dear Princeſs. Look to my Bear and my Horſe, Gentlemen.

Mrs. *Ott.* Do I want Teeth, and Eye-brows, thou Bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, ſound ſtill.

Ott. No, I proteſt, under Correction ——

Mrs. *Ott.* I, now you are under Correction, you proteſt: but you did not proteſt before Correction, Sir. Thou *Judas*, to offer to betray thy Princeſs! I'll make thee an Example ——

[Moroſe *deſcends with a long Sword.*

Mor. I will have no ſuch Examples in my Houſe, Lady *Otter.*

Mrs. *Ott*, Ah ——

Mor. Mrs. *Mary Ambree*, your Examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of my Doors, your Sons of Noiſe and Tumult, begot on an ill *May-day*, or when the Gally-foiſt is afloat to *Weſtminſter!* A Trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my Roof, Walls, and all my Windows aſunder, with their Brazen Throats.

Tru. Beſt follow him, *Dauphine.*

Dau. So I will.

Cle. Where's *Daw* and *La-Foole?*

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacifie my Princeſs, and ſpeak to the Great Ladies for me. Now muſt I go lie with the Bears this Fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my Peace be made, for this Scandal ſhe has taken. Did you not ſee my Bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, Gentlemen, and ask for *Tom Otter*, we'll go down to *Ratcliff*, and have a Courſe i' faith, for all theſe Diſaſters. There is *bona ſpes* left.

Tru.

Tru. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unleſs we had put his Wife upon him. His Humour is as tedious at laſt, as it was ridiculous at firſt.

SCENE III.

Haughty, Mrs. *Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, Epicœne, True-wit, Clerimont.*

Hau. We wonder'd why you ſhriek'd ſo, Mrs. *Otter.*

Mrs. *Ott.* O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked Weapon in both his Hands, and look'd ſo dreadfully! Sure he's beſide himſelf.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. *Otter?*

Mrs. *Ott.* Alas, Mrs. *Mavis,* I was chaſtiſing my Subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, Miſtris, you muſt do ſo too. Learn to chaſtiſe. Miſtris *Otter* corrects her Husband ſo, he dares not ſpeak, but under Correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her: 'twould do you good to ſee.

Hau. In ſadneſs, 'tis good and mature Counſel; practiſe it, *Moroſe.* I'll call you *Moroſe* ſtill now, as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the College, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give Milk and Honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at firſt, you ſhall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach and four Horſes, your Woman, your Chamber-maid, your Page, your Gentleman-Uſher, your *French* Cook, and four Grooms.

Hau. And go with us to *Bedlam,* to the *China* Houſes, and to the *Exchange.*

Cen. It will open the Gate to your Fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd her ſelf, with taming of her wild Male.

Mav. I, ſhe has done the Miracle of the Kingdom.

Epi.

Epi. But, Ladies, do you count it lawful to have ſuch plurality of Servants, and do 'em all Graces?

Hau. Why not? Why ſhould Women deny their Favours to Men? Are they the poorer, or the worſe?

Dau. Is the *Thames* the leſs, for the Dyers Water, Miſtris?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well ſaid, *La-Foole*; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty Leſſes Women fear in this kind.

Hau. Beſides, Ladies ſhould be mindful of the approach of Age, and let no time want his due Uſe. The beſt of our Days paſs firſt.

Mav. We are Rivers, that cannot be call'd back, Madam: She that now excludes her Lovers, may live to lie a forſaken Beldam, in a frozen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Mavis:* And who will wait on us to Coach then? or write, or tell us the News then? make *Anagrams* of our Names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiſs our Hands all the Play-time, and draw their Weapons for our Honours?

Hau. Not one.

Dau. Nay, my Miſtris is not altogether unintelligent of theſe things; here be in preſence have taſted of her Favours.

Cle. What a neighing Hobby-horſe is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boaſt 'em again, Servant. And have you thoſe excellent Receits, Madam, to keep your ſelves from bearing of Children?

Hau. O yes, *Moroſe:* How ſhould we maintain our Youth and Beauty elſe? Many Births of a Woman make her Old, as many Crops make the Earth Barren.

SCENE IV.

Moroſe, Dauphine, True-wit, Epicœne, Clerimont, Daw, Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Truſty.*

Mor. O my curſed Angel, that inſtructed me to this Fate!

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I ſhould be ſeduc'd by ſo fooliſh a Devil as a Barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your Counſel; you ſhould never have truſted it to ſuch a Miniſter.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loſs of an Eye (Nephew), a Hand, or any other Member.

Dau. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould geld your ſelf, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did ſupererogatory Penance in a Belfry at *Weſtminſter-hall*, i' the *Cockpit*, at the fall of a Stag, the *Tower-wharf*, (what Place is there elſe?) *London-bridge*, *Paris-Garden*, *Bilings-gate*, when the Noiſes are at their height, and lowdeſt. Nay, I would ſit out a Play, that were nothing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Target!

Dau. I hope there ſhall be no ſuch need, Sir. Take Patience, good Uncle. This is but a Day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be ſo for ever, Nephew, I foreſee it, for ever. Strife and Tumult are the Dowry that comes with a Wife.

Tru. I told you ſo, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub thoſe Wounds, Maſter *Truewit*, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not Affliction to Affliction. I have perceiv'd the Effect of it, too late, in Madam *Otter*.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unneceſſary Queſtion? As if ſhe did not ſee! Why, I do as you ſee, Empreſs, Empreſs.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has diſtemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monſtrous Impertinences! Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd?

Tru.

Tru. Yes, Sir; but theſe are but Notes of Female Kindneſs, Sir; certain Tokens that ſhe has a Voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't ſo? Come, and be no otherwiſe—— What ſay you?

Epi. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you Sir, you would be Friends with your Wife upon unconſcionable Terms; her Silence——

Epi. They ſay you are run mad, Sir.

Mor. Not for Love, I aſſure you, of you; do you ſee?

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! Lay hold on him, for God's ſake. What ſhall I do? Who's his Phyſician (can you tell) that knows the State of his Body beſt, that I might ſend for him? Good Sir, ſpeak; I'll ſend for one of my Doctors elſe.

Mor. What, to Poiſon me, that I might die Inteſtate, and leave you poſſeſt of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his Eyes ſparkle! He looks green about the Temples! Do you ſee what blue Spots he has?

Cle. I, it's Melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake, Counſel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelſus*; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor Gentlewoman? Ay me! what Fortune had I to marry a diſtracted Man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Miſtris——

Tru. How rarely ſhe holds it up!

Mor. What means you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The Diſeaſe in *Greek* is called Μανία, in *Latin*, *Inſania, Furor, vel Ecſtaſis Melancholica*, that is, *Egreſſio*, when a Man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus.*

Mor. Shall I have a Lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *Phreneticus* yet, Miſtris; and *Phreneticus* is only *Delirium*, or ſo.

Epi.

Epi. I, that is for the Diſeaſe, Servant; but what is this to the Cure? We are ſur e enough of the Diſeaſe.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her Peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no; labour not to ſtop her. She is like a Conduit-pipe, that will guſh out with more force when ſhe opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Moroſe*, you muſt talk Divinity to him altogether, or Moral Philoſophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent Book of Moral Philoſophy, Madam, of *Raynard* the Fox, and all the Beaſts call'd *Done*'s Philoſophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole.*

Mor. O miſery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all over to my Couſin here.

Mrs. *Ott.* I, and 'tis a very good Book as any is, of the Moderns.

Daw. Tut, he muſt have *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Moderns are not for this Diſeaſe.

Cle. Why, you diſcommend them too, to day, Sir *John.*

Daw. I, in ſome Caſes; but in theſe they are beſt, and *Ariſtotle's Ethicks.*

Mav. Say you ſo, Sir *John?* I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon truſt.

Hau. Where's *Truſty*, my Woman? I'll end this Difference. I pr'y thee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father and Mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think ſo. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an Exerciſe, I know, a Marriage-Ceremony, which I muſt endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*; and the other with *Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.*

Tru. A very cheap Cure, Madam.

Hau.

Hau. I, it's very feaſible.

Mrs. *Ott.* My Lady call'd for you, Miſtris *Truſty*: you muſt decide a Controverſie.

Hau. O, *Truſty*, which was it you ſaid, your Father, or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick Man's Salve?*

Truſ. My Mother, Madam, with the *Salve.*

Tru. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve.*

Truſ. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of Wit.* But there was other Means us'd: We had a Preacher that would preach Folk aſleep ſtill; and ſo they were preſcrib'd to go to Church, by an old Woman that was their Phyſician, thrice a Week——

Epi. To ſleep?

Truſ. Yes, forſooth: and every Night they read themſelves aſleep on thoſe Books.

Epi. Good faith, it ſtands with great reaſon. I would I knew where to procure thoſe Books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Miſtris *Meroſe*, the *Groats-worth of Wit.*

Epi. But I ſhall diſfurniſh you, Sir *Amorous*: Can you ſpare it?

La-F. O yes, for a Week, or ſo; I'll read it my ſelf to him.

Epi. No, I muſt do that, Sir; that muſt be my Office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could ſleep.

Mor. No, I ſhould do well enough, if you could ſleep. Have I no Friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *Laudanum*, or *Opium?*

Tru. Why, Sir, ſhe talks ten times worſe in her ſleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you know that, Sir; never ceaſes all Night.

Tru. And ſnores like a *Porcpiſce.*

Mor. O, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate. For how many Cauſes may a Man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru.

Tru. Some Divine must resolve you in that, Sir, or Canon-Lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other Hope or Comfort, till I know.

Cle. Alas, poor Man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

Cle. By my Faith, a large Truce.

Hau. Is that his Keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his Nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir *Dauphine Eugenie.*

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful Knight——

Daw. As can be. This Marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a Penny in his Purse, Madam——

Daw. He is ready to cry all this Day.

La-F. A very Shark; he set me i' th' nick t'other Night at *Primero.*

Tru. How these Swabbers talk!

Cle. I, *Otter*'s Wine has swell'd their Humours above a Spring-tide.

Hau. Good *Morose,* let's go in again. I like your Couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have him as silent as Signs, and their Posts too, ere I ha' done. Do you hear, Lady Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wench, continue this Discourse of *Dauphine* within; but praise him exceedingly; magnifie him with all the height of Affection thou can'st; (I have some purpose in't) and but beat off these two Rooks, *Jack Daw* and his Fellow, with any Discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred me to the Soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an Idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

Tru.

Tru. No, I'll ſtay here. Drive 'em out of your Company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom they have ſo ſlighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you ſhall expect one of 'em preſently.

Cle. What a Caſt of Caſtrils are theſe, to Hawk after Ladies thus?

Tru. I, and ſtrike at ſuch an Eagle as *Dauphine*.

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

SCENE V.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

Cle. O Sir, you are welcom.

Tru. Where's thine Uncle?

Dau. Run out o' Doors in's Night-caps, to talk with a *Caſuiſt* about his Divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'ſt ha' ſaid ſo, an' thou had'ſt been here! the Ladies have laugh'd at thee moſt comically, ſince thou went'ſt, *Dauphine*.

Cle. And askt, if thou wert thine Uncle's Keeper.

Tru. And the Brace of Baboons anſwer'd, Yes, and ſaid, thou wert a pitiful poor Fellow, and didſt live upon Poſts, and hadſt nothing but three Suits of Apparel, and ſome few Benevolences that the Lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and ſwagger.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to Grand Madams Bed-poſts, and have 'em bated with Monkeys.

Tru. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy Hand, *Dauphine*. I have an Execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve; truſt my Plot.

Dau. I, you have many Plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in Love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do not yet afore Night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the Mortgage of my Wit,

Cle.

Cle. 'Fore God, I'll be his Witneſs; thou ſhalt have it, *Dauphine*: Thou ſhalt be his Fool for ever, if thou doſt not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better Eſtate. Do you obſerve this Gallery, or rather Lobby indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: Here will I act ſuch a *Tragicomedy* between the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole* —— which of 'em comes out firſt, will I ſeiſe on: (You two ſhall be the *Chorus* behind the Arras, and whip out between the *Acts*, and ſpeak.) If I do not make 'em keep the Peace for this remnant of the Day, if not of the Year, I have fail'd once—— I hear *Daw* coming: Hide, and do not laugh, for God's ſake.

Dau. Which is the way into the Garden, trow?

Tru. O, *Jack-Daw*! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I muſt have this Matter go no further between you: I muſt ha' it taken up.

Dau. What Matter, Sir? Between whom?

Tru. Come, you diſguiſe it, Sir *Amorous* and you. If you love me, *Jack*, you ſhall make uſe of your Philoſophy now, for this once, and deliver me your Sword. This is not the Wedding the *Centaures* were at, tho' there be a She-one here. The Bride has entreated me I will ſee no Blood ſhed at her Bridal; you ſaw her whiſper me ere-while.

Dau. As I hope to finiſh *Tacitus*, I intend no Murder.

Tru. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous*?

Dau. Not I, by my Knighthood.

Tru. And your Scholarſhip too?

Dau. And my Scholarſhip too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your Sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be aſſaulted. I underſtood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your Life contemptible, in regard of your Honour.

Daw. No, no; no ſuch thing, I aſſure you. He and I parted now, as good Friends as could be.

Tru. Truſt not you to that Viſor. I ſaw him ſince

Dinner

Dinner with another Face: I have known many Men in my time vex'd with Loſſes, with Deaths, and with Abuſes; but ſo offended a Wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I never ſee or read of. For taking away his Gueſts, Sir, to day, that's the Cauſe; and he declares it behind your back with ſuch Threatnings and Contempts —— He ſaid to *Dauphine*, You were the errant'ſt Aſs ——

Daw. I, he may ſay his Pleaſure.

Tru. And ſweats, you are ſo proteſted a Coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or ſingle Right; and therefore he will take his courſe.

Daw. I'll give him any Satisfaction, Sir —— but fighting.

Tru. I, Sir; but who knows what Satisfaction he'll take: Blood he thirſts for, and Blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, but himſelf?

Daw. I pray you, Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceal your ſelf then in this Study 'till I return. Nay, you muſt be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own Reputation, I would not have you ſeen to receive a Publick Diſgrace, while I have the Matter in managing. Gods ſo, here he comes; keep your Breath cloſe, that he do not hear you ſigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Chriſtian, as good as you: You are arm'd as if you fought a Revenge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this Place. I never knew a Man's Choler ſo high, but he would ſpeak to his Friends, he would hear Reaſon. *Jack Daw*, *Jack*! aſleep?

He puts him up.

Daw. Is he gone, Maſter *True-wit*

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tru. What a quick Ear Fear has?

Daw. But is he ſo arm'd, as you ſay?

Tru. Arm'd? Did you ever ſee a Fellow ſet out to take Poſſeſſion

Daw.

Daw. I, Sir.

Tru. That may give you ſome light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some falſe Brother i' the Houſe has furniſh'd him ſtrangely; or, if it were out o' the Houſe, it was *Tom Otter.*

Daw. Indeed he's a Captain, and his Wife is his Kinſwoman.

Tru. He has got ſome bodies old two-hand Sword, to mow you off at the Knees: And that Sword have ſpawn'd ſuch a Dagger! —— But then he is ſo hung with Pikes, Halberds, Peitronels, Callivers, and Muſkets, that he looks like a Juſtice of Peace's Hall: A Man of Two Thouſand a Year is not ſeſs'd at ſo many Weapons as he has on. There was never Fencer chal-lenng'd at ſo many ſeveral Foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. *Pulchres* Pariſh. If he could but Victual himſelf for half a Year in his Breeches, he is ſufficiently arm'd to over-run a Country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a Leg or an Arm; if not, you muſt die once.

Daw. I would be loth to loſe my Right Arm, for writing *Madrigals.*

Tru. Why, if he will be ſatisfied with a Thumb, or a Little-finger, all's one to me. You muſt think, I'll do my beſt.

Daw. Good Sir, do. [*He puts him up again,*

Cle. What haſt thou done? *and then came forth.*

Tru. He will let me do nothing, Man; he does all afore me; he offers his left Arm.

Cle. His left Wing, for a *Jack Daw.*

Dau. Take it, by all means.

Tru. How! Maim a Man for ever, for a Jeſt? What a Conſcience haſt thou?

Dau. 'Tis no loſs to him; he has no employment for his Arms, but to eat Spoon-meat. Beſide, as good maim his body, as his Reputation.

Tru. He is a Scholar, and a Wit, and yet he does not think ſo. But he loſes no Reputation with us; for

for we all reſolv'd him an Aſs before. To your Places again.

Cle. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll ſpoil all; theſe be ever your Tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of ſome things that thou wilt miſs, and thou wilt ſay are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off elſe.

Dau. Come away, *Clerimont.*

Tru. Sir *Amorous*!

La-F. Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the Court, to make Water.

Tru. By no means, Sir; you ſhall rather tempt your Breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your Life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Queſtion till your Throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged Soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. Daw it is: Will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been ſome Hope to atone you; but he ſeems ſo implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide my ſelf.

Tru. Do, good Sir, But what have you done to him within, that ſhould provoke him thus? You have broke ſome Jeſt upon him afore the Ladies——

La-F. Not I, never in my Life, broke Jeſt upon any Man. The Bride was praiſing Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in ſnuff, and followed him; unleſs he took offence at me in his Drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the Horſe full.

Tru. By my Faith, and that may be; you remember well: But he walks the Round up and down, through every Room o' the Houſe, with a Towel in his Hand, crying, Where's *La-Foole?* Who ſaw *La-Foole?*

Foole? And when *Dauphine,* and I demanded the Cauſe we can force no Anſwer from him, but (O Revenge, how ſweet art thou! I will ſtrangle him in this Towel) Which leads us to conjecture, that the main Cauſe of his Fury is, for bringing your Meat to day, with a Towel about you, to his diſcredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, I'll ſtay here till his Anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming Reſolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the ſudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the Country preſently.

Tru. How will you go out o' the Houſe, Sir? He knows you are i' the Houſe, and he'll watch you this ſe'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a Serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll ſtay here.

Tru. You muſt think how to victual your ſelf in time then.

La-F. Why, ſweet Maſter *True-wit,* will you entreat my Couſin *Otter* to ſend me a cold Veniſon Paſty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber-Pot.

Tru. A Stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his Invention.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a Pallat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not adviſe you to ſleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another Fear——

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this Door with his Foot ſure.

La-F. I'll ſet my Back againſt it, Sir. I have a good Back.

Tru. But then if he ſhould batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an Action of Battry againſt him.

Tru. Caſt you the worſt. He has ſent for Powder already, and what he will do with it, no Man knows: perhaps

perhaps blow up the Corner o' the Houſe where he ſuſpects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. I proteſt, Sir *John Daw*, he is not this way: What will you do? Before God you ſhall hang no *Petard* here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my Word? I never knew one but would be ſatisfied. Sir *Amorous*, there's no ſtanding out: He has made a *Petard* of an old Braſs Pot, to force your Door. Think upon ſome Satisfaction, or Terms, to offer him.

He feigns as if one were preſent, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himſelf.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any Satisfaction: I dare give any Terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, Sir: I'll ſtand to any Conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of theſe two fear'd moſt?

He calls forth Clerimont *and* Dauphine.

Cle. Yes, but this fears the braveſt: The other, a whinilling Daſtard, *Jack Daw!* But *La-Foole*, a brave Heroick Coward! and is afraid in a great Look, and a ſtout Accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity theſe two ſhould ha' been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a Motion?

Tru. Briefly: For I muſt ſtrike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the Ladies to the *Cataſtrophe*?

Tru. Umph? I, by my troth.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the State of Ignorance, and err ſtill; think 'em Wits and fine Fellows, as they have done. 'Twere Sin to reform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpoſe of mine: Do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and diſcourſe to 'em all that's paſt, and bring 'em into the Gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extream Vanity now: thou think'ſt thou wert undone, if every Jeſt thou mak'ſt were not publiſh'd.

Tru. Thou ſhalt ſee how unjuſt thou art preſently. *Clerimont*, ſay it was *Dauphine*'s Plot. Truſt me not, if the whole Drift be not for thy good. There's a Carpet i' the next Room, put it on, with this Scarf over thy Face, and a Cuſhion o' thy Head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away —— *John Daw*.

Daw. What good News, Sir.

Tru. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a Knight, and a Scholar, and that you knew Fortitude did conſiſt, *magis patiendo quàm faciendo, magis ferendo quàm feriendo.*

Daw. It doth ſo indeed, Sir?

Tru. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: So at firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper Lip, and ſix o' your Fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas reaſonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not ſpare 'em all. So after long Argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two Butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you ſo? Why, he ſhall have 'em.

Tru. But he ſhall not, Sir, by your leave. The Concluſion is this, Sir: Becauſe you ſhall be very good Friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred or upbraided; beſides, that he may not boaſt he has done any ſuch thing to you in his own Perſon, he is to come here in Diſguiſe, give you five Kicks in private, Sir, take your Sword from you, and lock you up in that Study during pleaſure: Which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd preſently.

Daw. Five Kicks? He ſhall ha' ſix, Sir, to be Friends.

Tru. Believe me, you ſhall not over-ſhoot your ſelf, to ſend him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he ſhall have it with all my heart, to be Friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he ſhould not be ſo, and heartily too, upon theſe Terms, he ſhall have me to Enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's ſix Kicks to a Man that reads *Seneca*.

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

Tru,

Tru. Sir *Amorous.* No ſpeaking one to another, or rehearſing old Matters.

[Dauphine *comes forth, and kicks him,*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I proteſt, Sir *Amorous,* you ſhall have ſix.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you ſhould not talk. Come give him ſix, and he will needs. Your Sword. Now return to your ſafe Cuſtody; you ſhall preſently meet afore the Ladies, and be the deareſt Friends one to another ——— Give me the Scarf now, thou ſhalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous.*

La-F. What's here? A Sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I ſhould take the Quarrel upon my ſelf. Here he has ſent you his Sword ——

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to faſten it againſt a Wall, and break your Head in ſome few ſeveral places againſt the Hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to ſhed my own Blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it againſt a fair flat Wall, if that will ſatisfie him: If not, he ſhall beat it himſelf for *Amorous.*

Tru. Why, this is ſtrange ſtarting off, when a Man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another Condition; will you ſtand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the Blunt.

Tru. Then you muſt ſubmit your ſelf to be Hoodwink'd in this Scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your Sword from you, and make you bear a Blow over the Mouth, *Gules,* and Tweaks by the Noſe, *ſans nombre.*

La-F. I am content. But why muſt I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; becauſe if he ſhould grow Inſolent upon this, and publiſh it hereafter to your diſgrace, (which I hope he will not do)

you might ſwear ſafely, and proteſt, he never beat you, to your Knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good Friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill Thought one of another in future.

La.F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he ſhould——Come, Sir. All hid, Sir *John.*

[Dauphine *enters to tweak him.*

La-F. Oh, Sir *John*, Sir *John*. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh—

Tru. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow his Noſe off. 'Tis Sir *John*'s pleaſure, you ſhould retire into the Study. Why, now you are Friends. All Bitterneſs between you, I hope, is buried; you ſhall come forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and embrace with all the rankneſs of Friendſhip that can be. I truſt, we ſhall have 'em tamer i' their Language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worſhip thee. God's will, the Ladies have ſurpriz'd us.

SCENE VI,

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Epicœne, Truſty, Dauphine, True-wit,* &c.

Having diſcovered part of the paſt Scene above.

Hau. Centaure, how our Judgments were impos'd on by theſe adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam, *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her Commendation utter'd 'em in the College.

Mav. I commended but their Wits, Madam, and their Braveries. I never look'd toward their Valours.

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a Wit too, it ſeems.

Mav. And a Bravery too.

Hau. Was this his Project?

Mrs. *Ott.* So Maſter *Clerimont* intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, when you come to the College, will you bring him with you? He ſeems a very perfect Gentleman.

Epi. He is ſo, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I have got me a Coach and Horſes.

Hau.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good *Moroſe*; *Centaure* ſhall ſend you her Coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, *Mavis.*

Mav. He is a very worthy Gentleman in his Exteriors, Madam.

Hau. I, he ſhews he is judicial in his Clothes.

Cen. And yet not ſo ſuperlitively neat as ſome, Madam, that have their Faces ſet in a Bark.

Hau. I, and have every Hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer Linnen than our ſelves, and profeſs more Neatneſs than the *French Hermaphrodite*!

Epi. I, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a Thouſand; and are the only Thieves of our Fame, that think to take us with that Perfume, or with that Lace, and laugh at us unconſcionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir *Dauphine*'s Careleſneſs becomes him.

Cen. I could love a Man for ſuch a Noſe!

Mav. Or ſuch a Leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good Eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good Look!

Cen. Good *Moroſe*, bring him to my Chamber firſt.

Mrs. *Ott.* Pleaſe your Honours to meet at my Houſe, Madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, Man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our Brace of Knights here, Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. Not I, Madam; it was Sir *Dauphine*'s ingine; who, if you have diſfurniſh'd your Ladyſhip of any Guard or Service by it, is able to make the Place good again in himſelf.

Hau. There is no ſuſpicion of that, Sir.

Cen. God ſo, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is kiſſing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the Fortune (beſide the Diſcovery of two ſuch empty Caskets) to gain the Knowledge of ſo rich a Mine of Vertue as Sir *Dauphine.*

Cen. We would be all glad to ſtile him of our Friendſhip, and ſee him at the College.

Mav. He cannot mix with a ſweeter Society, I'll propheſie; and I hope he himſelf will think ſo.

Dau. I ſhould be rude to imagine otherwiſe, Lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, *Dauphine*? Why, all their Actions are govern'd by crude Opinion, without Reaſon or Cauſe; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all theſe things alike. Only they have a natural Inclination ſways 'em generally to the worſt, when they are left to themſelves. But purſue it now thou haſt 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, *Moroſe*?

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir *Dauphine*'s Company.

Tru. Stay, good Madam, the Interview of the two Friends, *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you ſtraight.

Hau. Will you, Maſter *True-wit*?

Dau. I; but noble Ladies, do not confeſs in your Countenance, or outward Bearing to 'em, any diſcovery of their Follies, that we may ſee how they will bear up again, with what Aſſurance and Erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. Mav. Upon our Honours, Sir *Dauphine*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but ſlip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by chance, when I call you. *Jack Daw*.

Daw. What ſay you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me ſuddenly, and no Anger i' your Looks to your Adverſary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *John Daw!* where ha' you been?

Daw. To ſeek you, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their Rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in Peace, Man.

Dau. Where's your Sword, Sir *John*?

Cle.

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous?*

Daw. Mine! My Boy had it forth, to mend the Handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my Gold Handle was broke too, and my Boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their Excuſes meet.

Cle. What a conſent there is i' the Handles?

Tru. Nay, there is ſo i' the Points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. *Ott.* O me! Madam, he comes again, the Madman! Away.

SCENE VII.

Moroſe, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Mor. What make theſe naked Weapons here, Gentlemen?

[*He had found the two Swords drawn within.*

Tru. O, Sir! here hath like to been Murder ſince you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Brides Favours: We were fain to take away their Weapons; your Houſe had been begg'd by this time elſe——

Mor. For what?

Cle. For Man-ſlaughter, Sir, as being Acceſſory.

Mor, And for her Favours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not preſent. *Clerimont*, carry 'em their Swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you ſpoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! There is ſuch a noiſe i' the Court, that they have frighted me home with more Violence than I went! Such ſpeaking, and counter-ſpeaking, with their ſeveral Voices of *Citations, Appellations, Allegations, Certificates, Attachments, Interrogatories, References, Convictions* and *Afflictions* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the Noiſe here is Silence too't! a kind of calm Midnight!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be reſolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very ſufficient Lawyer, and a learned Divine, that ſhall inquire into every leaſt Scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Maſter *True-wit?*

Tru. Yes, and are very ſober grave Perſons, that will diſpatch in a Chamber, with a Whiſper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, ſhall I hope this Benefit from you, and truſt my ſelf into your Hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew and I have been aſham'd, and oft-times mad, ſince you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock your ſelf up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Do your pleaſure with me, Gentlemen; I believe in you, and deſerve no Deluſion.——

Tru. You ſhall find none, Sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, *Wit?*

Tru. Recover me hither *Otter* and the Barber, if you can, by any means, preſently.

Daw. Why? to what purpoſe?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepeſt Divine, and graveſt Lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Dau. Thou can'ſt not, Man; theſe are waking Dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a Civil Gown with the Welt o' the one, and a Canonical Cloke with Sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few Terms i' the Mouths, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parſon, for this turn, as may be wiſh'd, truſt not my Election: And I hope, without wronging the Dignity of either Profeſſion, ſince they are but Perſons put on, and for Mirths ſake, to torment him. The Barber ſmatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and *Otter* too.

Tru. Well then if I make 'em not wrangle out this Caſe, to his no comfort, let me be thought a *Jack Daw*, or *La-Foole*, or any thing worſe. Go you to your Ladies, but firſt ſend for them.

Dau. I will.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

La-F. WHere had you our Swords, Maſter *Clerimont?*

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the Madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our Boys, I warrant you?

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Maſter *Clerimont.* Sir *John Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you ſo, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your Servants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a Pen and Ink? I would fain write out a Riddle in *Italian,* for Sir *Dauphine* to tranſlate.

Cle. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no Scrivener.

Daw. I can furniſh you, I think, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his Box of Inſtruments.

Cle. Like a Surgeon!

La-F. For the *Mathematicks:* his Square, his Compaſſes, his Braſs Pens, and Black-lead, to draw Maps of every Place and Perſon where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of Perſons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentack,* when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldavia,* and of his Miſtris, Miſtris *Epicœne.*

Cle. Away! He has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleaſant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggiſhly. Sir *John,* I am telling Sir *Amorous* here, that you two govern the Ladies where e'er you come, you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw. They ſhall rather carry us afore them, if they will, Sir.

Cle.

Cle. Nay, I believe that they do withal —— But, that you are the prime Men in their Affections, and direct all their Actions ——

Daw. Not I: Sir *Amorous* is.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to riſe i' the State, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the Perſon.

La-F. Sir *John*, you ha' the Perſon, and the Diſcourſe too.

Daw. Not I, Sir. I have no Diſcourſe —— and then you have Activity beſide.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I do every whit: and lift as many Joyn'd Stools, and leap over 'em, if you would uſe it——

Cle. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for between you, you divide the Kingdom, or Commonwealth of Ladies Affections: I ſee it, and can perceive a little how they obſerve you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell ſtrange Stories, my Maſters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have ſomewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have ——— Velvet Petticoats, and wrought Smocks, or ſo.

Daw. I, and ———

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy your Friend the pleaſure of Hearing, when you have had the delight of Taſting.

Daw. Why——a——do you ſpeak, Sir *Amorous*?

La-F. No, do you, Sir *John Daw*.

Daw. I' faith, you ſhall.

La-F. I' faith, you ſhall.

Daw. Why, we have been ——

La-F. In the great Bed at *Ware* together in our time. On, Sir *John*.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir *Amorous*.

Cle. And theſe Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuſe us, Sir.

Daw. We muſt not wound Reputation.

La-F. No matter —— they were theſe, or others. Our Bath coſt us fifteen Pound when we came home.

Cle.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir *John*? You ſhall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the ſame Houſe with the Bride here?

Daw. Yes, and converſt with her hourly, Sir.

Cle. And what Humour is ſhe of? Is ſhe coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Servant, and Sir *Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had Favours from her: I know, and have heard ſo much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Sir; we muſt not wound Reputation.

Cle. Tut, ſhe is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any Report; and therefore ſpeak plainly: How many times, i' faith? which of you led firſt? ha?

La-F. Sir *John* had her Maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleaſes him to ſay ſo, Sir; but Sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Cle. Doſt thou, i' faith, *Amorous*?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, Lads. Little knows *Don* Bridegroom of this; nor ſhall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Ox.

Cle. Speak ſoftly; here comes his Nephew, with the Lady *Haughty*: He'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

Hau. I aſſure you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the Price and Eſtimation of your Vertue only, that hath embark'd me to this Adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you ſo: Nor can I repent me of the Act, ſince it is always an Argument of ſome Vertue in our ſelves, that we love and affect it ſo in others.

Dau.

Dau. Your Ladyſhip ſets too high a Price on my Weakneſs.

Hau. Sir, I can diſtinguiſh Gems from Pebbles ——

Dau. (Are you ſo skilful in Stones?)

Hau. And howſoever I may ſuffer in ſuch a Judgment as yours, by admitting Equality of Rank or Society with *Centaure* or *Mavis* ——

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are your meer Foils.

Hau. Then are you a Friend to Truth, Sir: It makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward Man that I affect. They are not apprehenſive of an eminent Perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty?*

Hau. I come preſently, *Centaure.* My Chamber, Sir, my Page ſhall ſhew you; and *Truſty*, my Woman, ſhall be ever awake for you: You need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for ſhe is a *Fidelia.* I pray you wear this Jewel for my ſake, Sir *Dauphine.* Where's *Mavis, Centaure?*

Cen. Within, Madam, a writing. I'll follow you preſently: I'll but ſpeak a word with Sir *Dauphine.*

Dau. With me, Madam?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine*, do not truſt *Haughty*, nor make any Credit to her, what ever you do beſides. Sir *Dauphine*, I give you this Caution, ſhe is a perfect Courtier, and loves no body, but for her Uſes; and for her Uſes ſhe loves all. Beſides, her Phyſicians give her out to be none o' the cleareſt, whether ſhe pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and ſhe's above Fifty too, and pargets! See her in a Forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worſe Face than ſhe! You would not like this by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' theſe Mornings early, or late in an Evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty*, *Mavis?*

Mav. Within, *Centaure.*

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine*, (you ſhall not ſee it i' faith, *Centaure.*) Good Sir *Dauphine*, ſolve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cle.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine?* how doſt thou quit thy ſelf of theſe Females?

Dau. 'Slight, they haunt me like Fairies, and give me Jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em,

Cle. O, you muſt not tell tho'.

Dau. Maſs, I forgot that: I was never ſo aſſaulted. One loves for Vertue, and bribes me with this: Another loves me with Caution, and ſo would poſſeſs me: A third brings me a Riddle here: And all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cle. A Riddle? Pray le' me ſee't.

[*He reads the Paper.*

Sir Dauphine, *I choſe this way of Intimation for privacy. The Ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpoſe to make a Collegiate and Servant of you. If I might be ſo honour'd, as to appear at any end of ſo noble a Work, I would enter into a fame of taking Phyſick to Morrow, and continue it four or five Days, or longer, for your Viſitation.* MAVIS.

By my faith, a ſubtle one! Call you this a Riddle? What's their Plain-dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for ſomewhat elſe too: His Knights *Reformadoes* are wound up as high and inſolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jeſt.

Cle. No Drunkards, either with Wine or Vanity, ever confeſs'd ſuch Stories of themſelves. I would not give a Flies Leg in balance againſt all the Womens Reputations here, if they could be but thought to ſpeak truth: And for the Bride, they have made their *Affidavit* againſt her directly ——

Dau. What, they have lain with her?

Cle. Yes; and tell Times, and Circumſtances, with the Cauſe why, and the Place where. I had almoſt brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to Day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes faith; with a ſooth or two or more I had effected it. They would ha' ſet it down under their Hands.

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I ſee, ſtill whether we will or no.

SCENE III.

True-wit, Moroſe, Otter, Cutberd, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. O are you here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call your Uncle preſently: I have fitted my Divine and my Canoniſt, dyed their Beards and all. The Knaves do not know themſelves, they are ſo exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any Man. Thou ſhalt keep one Door, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midſt, that he may have no means of eſcape from their Cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the Women (as I have given the Bride her Inſtructions) to break in upon him i' the *l'envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, look to your Parts now, and diſcharge 'em bravely; you are well ſet forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confeſs it with ſtanding ſtill, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; uſe vehement Action, and only remember your Terms, and you are ſafe. Let the Matter go where it will; you have many will do ſo. But at firſt be very ſolemn and grave, like your Garments, tho' you loſe your ſelves after, and skip out like a brace of Jugglers on a Table. Here he comes: Set your Faces, and look ſuperciliouſly, while I preſent you.

Mor. Are theſe the two Learned Men.

Tru. Yes, Sir; pleaſe you ſalute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out Time ſo unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how theſe common Forms, as *God ſave you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a Habit in our Lives! or, *I am glad to ſee you!* When I cannot ſee what the Profit can be of theſe Words, ſo long as it is no whit better with him, whoſe Affairs are ſad and grievous, that he hears this Salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, I have

have acquainted you ſufficiently with the Buſineſs for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your ſelves in the State of the Queſtion, I know. This is the Gentleman who expects your Reſolution, and therefore when you pleaſe, begin.

Ott. Pleaſe you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. Pleaſe you, good Maſter Parſon.

Ott. I would hear the Canon-law ſpeak firſt.

Cut. It muſt give place to poſitive Divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into Circumſtances. Let your Comforts arrive quickly at me, thoſe that are. Be ſwift in affording me my Peace, if ſo I ſhall hope any. I love not your Diſputations, or your Court-tumults. And that it be not ſtrange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my Education, was wont to adviſe me, that I ſhould always collect and contain my Mind, not ſuffering it to flow looſely; that I ſhould look to what things were neceſſary to the Carriage of my Life, and what not, embracing the one, and eſchewing the other: In ſhort, that I ſhould endear my ſelf to reſt, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another Nature to me. So that I come not to your publick Pleadings, or your Places of Noiſe; not that I neglect thoſe things that make for the Dignity of the Common-wealth; but for the meer avoiding of Clamours, and Impertinencies of Orators, that know not how to be ſilent. And for the Cauſe of Noiſe, am I now a Suitor to you. You do not know in what a miſery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of Evil! My very Houſe turns round with the Tumult! I dwell in a Wind-mill! The perpetual Motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

Tru. Well, good Maſter Doctor, will you break the Ice? Maſter Parſon will wade after.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will preſume.

Ott. 'Tis no Preſumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Queſtion is, For how many Cauſes a Man may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce.

Firſt,

First, you muſt underſtand the Nature of the word Divorce, *a divertendendo* ——

Mor. No excurſions upon Words, good Doctor; to the Queſtion briefly.

Cut. I anſwer then, The Canon-Law affords Divorce but in few Caſes; and the Principal is in the common Caſe, the Adulterous Caſe: But there are *duodecim impedimenta,* twelve Impediments (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum,* but *irritum reddere matrimonium,* as we ſay in the Canon-Law; *not take away the Bond, but cauſe a Nullity therein.*

Mor. I underſtood you before: Good Sir, avoid your Impertinency of Tranſlation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you muſt give the Learned Men leave, Sir. To your Impediments, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. The firſt is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are ſeveral *Species.*

Cut. I, as *error perſonæ.*

Ott. If thou contract your ſelf to one Perſon, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If ſhe be a Beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If ſhe prove ſtubborn or head-ſtrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? Is that, Sir, a lawful Impediment? One at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam,* but not *poſt copulam,* Sir.

Cut. Maſter Parſon ſays right. *Nec poſt nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere ſponſalia,* annul the Contract; after Marriage it is of no obſtancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a Hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cut. The next is *Conditio:* If thou thought her free-born, and ſhe prove a Bond-woman, there is Impediment of Eſtate and Condition.

Ott.

Ott. I, but, Maſter Doctor, thoſe Servitudes are *ſublatæ* now, among us Chriſtians.

Cut. By your favour, Maſter Parſon ——

Ott. You ſhall give me leave, Maſter Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrel not in that Queſtion; it concerns not my Caſe: Paſs to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum:* If either Party have made a Vow of Chaſtity. But that Practice, as Maſter Parſon ſaid of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to Diſcipline. The fourth is *cognatio*; if the Perſons be of Kin within the Degrees.

Ott. I: Do you know what the Degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no Comfort in the Queſtion, I am ſure.

Cut. But there is a Branch of this Impediment may, which is *cognatio ſpiritualis:* If you were her God-father, Sir, then the Marriage is inceſtuous.

Ott. That *Comment* is abſurd, and ſuperſtitious Maſter Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all Brothers and Siſters, and as much a Kin in that, as God-fathers and God-daughters.

Mor. O me! To end the Controverſie, I never was a God-father, I never was a God-father in my life, Sir. Paſs to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known Caſe. The ſixth *cultûs diſparitas*, difference of Religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what Religion ſhe is of?

Mor. No, I would rather ſhe were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the reſt: Shall you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes, he has done half, Sir. (On to the reſt.) Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The ſeventh is, *viz.* if it were upon compulſion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever ſhe have taken Holy Orders.

Ott. That's ſuperſtitious too.

Mor.

Mor. No Matter, Maſter Parſon; would ſhe would go into a Nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thruſt my ſelf too ſoon into theſe Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas.*

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no Air of Comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no leſs *vera affinitas*, than the other, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You ſay right, venerable Doctor: And, *naſcitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur una caro* ——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Maſter Parſon: *Ita per fornicationem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat* ——

Ott. Et vere filius qui ſic generatur ——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum graviſſimum:* It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is Comfort come at length, Sir. Confeſs your ſelf but a Man unable, and ſhe will ſue to be divorc'd firſt.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & inſanabilis*; as *Paralyſis, Elephantiaſis*, or ſo ——

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You ſay troth, Sir, and as it is in the *Canon*, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cle. Before he ſpeaks.

Ott. That *a Boy, or Child, under Years, is not fit for Marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes* ——

Tru.

Tru. Your *impotentes*, your whorſon Lobſter.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

Tru. Matrimonium? We ſhall have moſt un-matrimonial *Latin* with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will ariſe a Doubt, Maſter Parſon, in our Caſe, *poſt matrimonium*: that *frigiditate praditus* (do you conceive me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro ſorore.*

Ott. Abſurd, abſurd, abſurd, and meerly *apoſtatical.*

Cut. You ſhall pardon me, Maſter Parſon, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a Will, Maſter Doctor, you can prove nothing elſe. Does not the Verſe of your own *Canon* ſay, *Hæc ſotianda vetant connubia, facta retractant* ——

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Maſter Parſon?

Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. In *æternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's falſe in Divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis falſe in Humanity, to ſay ſo. Is he not *prorſus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præſtare fidem datam*? I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere*?

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impoſſible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the Learned Men; they'll think you neglect 'em elſe.

Cut. Or, if he do *ſimulare* himſelf *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or ſo?

Ott. I ſay, he is *adulter manifeſtus* then.

Dau. (They diſpute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Ott. And *proſtitutor uxoris*; and this is poſitive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me eſcape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, Sir.

Cut. I, if he be *manifeſte frigidus*, I grant you ——

Ott. Why, that was my Concluſion.

Cut.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the Concluſion, Sir.

Ott. Then *frigiditatis cauſa* ——

Cut. Yes, *cauſa frigiditatis* ——

Mor. O, mine Ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* againſt you.

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* ſhe will ſure have.

Mor. Good *Echo's*, forbear.

Ott. If you confeſs it ——

Cut. Which I would do, Sir ——

Mor. I will do any thing ——

Ott. And clear my ſelf in *foro conſcientiæ* ——

Cut. Becauſe you want indeed ——

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. Exercendi poteſtate.

SCENE IV.

Epicœne, Moroſe, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter, Cutberd.*

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you help me. This is ſuch a Wrong as never was offer'd to poor Bride before: upon her Marriage-day to have her Husband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercenary Companions to be brought in for Forms ſake, to perſwade a Separation! If you had Blood or Vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch Earwigs about a Husband, or Scorpions to creep between Man and Wife ——

Mor. O the Variety and Changes of my Torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of Doors by our Grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my Footman.

Mav. We'll have our Men Blanket them i' the Hall.

Mrs. *Ott.* As there was one at our Houſe, Madam, for peeping in at the Door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav.

Mav. I'll ha' the Bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him firſt.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my ſake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Dauphine*'s ſake.

Cen. He ſhall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a Gentleman of his Inches, Madam, as any is about the Town, and wears as good Colours when he liſts.

Tru. Be brief, Sir, and confeſs your Infirmity; ſhe'll be a fire to be quit of you, if ſhe but hear that nam'd once, you ſhall not entreat her to ſtay; ſhe'll fly you like one that had the Marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I muſt crave all your Pardons——

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a Wrong I have done to your whole Sex, in marrying this fair and vertuous Gentlewoman.——

Cle. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an Infirmity, which before I conferr'd with theſe Learned Men, I thought I might have conceal'd——

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his Conſcience by them, he is to declare it, and give Satisfaction, by asking your publick Forgiveneſs.

Mor. I am no Man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in Nature, by reaſon of *frigidity*, to perform the Duties, or any the leaſt Office of a Husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious Creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young Gentlewoman?

Mrs. *Ott.* A Lady of her Longings?

Epi. Tut, a Device, a Device, this; it ſmells rankly, Ladies. A meer Comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you ſuſpect that, Ladies, you may have him ſearch'd.

Daw. As the Cuſtom is, by a Jury of Phyſicians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, muſt I undergo that? Mrs,

Mrs. *Ott.* No, let Women ſearch him, Madam; we can do it our ſelves.

Mor. Out on me, worſe!

Epi. No, Ladies, you ſhall not need, I'll take him with all his Faults.

Mor. Worſt of all!

Cle. Why, then, 'tis no Divorce, Doctor, if ſhe conſent not?

Cut. No, if the Man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the ſame in *Theology*.

Mor. Worſe, worſe than worſt!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not utterly diſheartned; we have yet a ſmall Relick of Hope left, as near as our Comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your Brace of Knights. What was that, Maſter Parſon, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whiſper the Bride, that ſhe carry it as if ſhe were guilty and aſham'd.

Ott. Marry Sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which Maſter Doctor did forbear to urge) if ſhe be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine deſponſa*, eſpous'd for a Maid——

Mor. What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights that ſhall affirm ſo much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Maſter *Clerimont*.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Mr. *Clerimont*

Cle. Nay, you muſt make it good now, Knights; there is no Remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no Men: You know you ſpoke it to me?

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like, Sir?

Tru. *Jack Daw*, he's worſe than Sir *Amorous*; fiercer a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten *Daws* in this *Clerimont*.

La-F. I'll confeſs it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? Will you wound Reputation?

La-F. I am reſolv'd. *Tru.*

Tru. So ſhould you be too, *Jack Daw*: What ſhould keep you off? She is but a Woman, and in diſgrace. He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cle. You will diſpatch, Knights; it muſt be done, i'faith.

Tru. Why, an' it muſt, it ſhall, Sir, they ſay. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his Patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I aſſure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you aſſure me?

Daw. That we have known your Bride, Sir—

La-F. In good faſhion. She was our Miſtris, or ſo.

Cle. Nay, you muſt be plain, Knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the Queſtion is, if you have *Carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter. What elſe, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain *Nullity*.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worſhip and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank theſe Knights. Maſter Parſon, let me thank you otherwiſe.

Cen. And ha' they confeſs'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, Informers!

Tru. You ſee what Creatures you may beſtow your Favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would except againſt 'em as beaten Knights, Wench, and not good Witneſſes in Law.

Mrs. *Ott.* Poor Gentlewoman, how ſhe takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, *Moroſe*, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I proteſt.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you have not known her ſince *Matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to Day, Maſter Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to Day.

Cut. Why, then, I ſay. For any Act before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unleſs the Worſhipful Bridegroom did preciſely, before Witneſs, demand, if ſhe were *Virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, Master Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the Premisses; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Master Doctor's Resolution too, Sir; if you made not that Demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my Heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worst of all worst worsts that Hell could have devis'd! marry a Whore! and so much noise!

Dau. Come, I see now plain Confederacy in this Doctor and this Parson, to abuse a Gentleman. You study his Affliction. I pray be gone, Companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to suspect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, Nephew.

Dau. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despis'd Kinsman, and many a hard Thought has strengthned you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your Peace, and prefer them to all the World beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy Match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now———

Mor. (It cannot be)

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew! Thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your Favour perfect to me, and Love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any Thing beside. Make thine own Conditions. My whole Estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine Enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a Suitor to you, Uncle, that out of your Estate, which is Fifteen Hundred a Year, you would allow me but Five Hundred during

during Life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by my self and my Friends, tendred you a Writing to Sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, Nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not presently, and for ever of this Cumber, you shall have Power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your Act, and I will become whose Slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will Seal to it, that, or to a Blank, and write thine own Conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate wretched Gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir *Dauphine* do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have some Compassion on me.

Mor. O, my Nephew knows you be like; away, *Crocodile*.

Cen. He does it not sure without good Ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come, Nephew, give me the Pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and Seal to what thou wilt, for my Deliverance. Thou art my Restorer. Here I deliver it thee as my Deed. If there be a Word in it lacking, or writ with false Orthography, I protest before——I will not take the *Advantage*.

He takes off Epicœne's Perruke.

Dau. Then here is your Release, Sir you have married a Boy, a Gentleman's Son, that I have brought up this half Year, at my great Charges, and for this Composition, which I have now made with you. What say you, Master Doctor? This is *justum Impedimentum*, I hope, *error personæ*.

Otr. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu*.

Cut. *In primo gradu*.

He pulls off their Beards in Disguise.

Dau. I thank you, good Doctor *Cutbeard*, and Parson *Otter*. You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my Friend Master *True-wit*, who enabled 'em for the Business. Now you may go in and rest,

reſt; be as private as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funeral, which I care not how ſoon it come. *Cutberd*, I'll make your Leaſe good. Thank me not, but with your Leg, *Cutberd*. And *Tom Otter*, your Princeſs ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! do you look at me?

Cle. A Boy!

Dau. Yes, Miſtris *Epicœne*.

Tru. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your Friends of the better half of the Garland, by concealing this part of the Plot: But much good do it thee, thou deſerv'ſt it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing theſe two to Confeſſion, wear my Part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you ſee the Gentlewoman that has done you the Favours! We are all thankful to you, and ſo ſhould the Woman-kind here, ſpecially for lying on her, tho' not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure. But that we have ſtuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd Perſons, and ſo lately, this *Amazon*, the Champion of the Sex, ſhould beat you now thriftily, for the common Slanders which Ladies receive from ſuch Cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit of Fortune can make you hope to enjoy their Bodies, will yet lye with their Reputations, and make their Fame ſuffer. Away, you common Moths of theſe, and all Ladies Honours. Go, travel to make Legs and Faces, and come home with ſome new Matter to be laught at; you deſerve to live in an Air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed Rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this new *Metamorphoſis*! But here ſtands ſhe that has vindicated your Fames. Take heed of ſuch *inſecta* hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have diſcover'd any Myſteries to this young Gentleman: He is (a' moſt) of Years, and will make a good viſitant within this Twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his Secrecy, that can ſpeak ſo well of his Silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comedy*, riſe chearfully, and now *Moroſe* is gone in, clap your hands. It may be, that Noiſe will cure him, if [illegible] him.

THE END.